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LONDON IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.*

"If it were given to the reader,"—observes Mr. Thoms, in the preface to his new edition of "Stow's Survey of London,"—"if it were given to the reader to wield for a brief space the staff of Prospero, with power to conjure up a vision of London, as it existed in some former period, there can be little doubt but that he would so employ his art that the London of Shakspeare should stand revealed before him. Happily, although Prospero's staff is broken, the conjuration and the mighty magic necessary to call up this busy pageant were lodged in the untiring pen of honest John Stow.

"Fortunate, indeed, was it for the London of that age that one, born and bred within her walls, undertook, as a labour of love, a survey which has enabled after generations

" 'To view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,' "

and acquire a knowledge of Queen Elizabeth's capital more intimate than we possess of the same city at any other period, or of any other city in any age of the world. How well, how faithfully, this worthy citizen performed the task his patriotism selected, one glance at his most quaint and most picturesque of narratives will serve to show."

This, though savouring somewhat strongly of the eulogistic style in which editors and biographers feel called upon to indulge when speaking of the talents and good qualities of the literary lion whom they may be showing up, contains no more than the truth.

"Stow's Survey" furnishes us with views of London and London life in the good old times, not only of Queen Bess, but of ages long before her, which exhibit all the truthfulness of the Daguerrotype.

How admirable is the following picture of a festival day at old St. Paul's, incidentally introduced by Stow in his account of the monuments in that cathedral:—

"Some have noted, that in digging the foundation of this new work, (namely of a chapel on the South side of Paule's church,) there were found more than a hundred scalps of oxen or kine, in the year 1316; which thing (say they) confirmed greatly the opinion of those which have reported, that of old time there had been a temple of Jupiter, and that there was a daily sacrifice of beasts.

* A Survey of London, written in the year 1598. By John Stow. A new Edition, edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A., Secretary of the Camden Society. Large 8vo. Whittaker & Co.

"Othersome, both wise and learned, have thought the buck's head, borne before the procession of Paule's on St. Paul's day, to signify the like. But true it is, I have read an ancient deed to this effect:—

"Sir William Baud, knight, the 3d of Edward I., in the year 1274, on Candlemas day, granted to Harvy de Borham, dean of Powle's, and to the chapter there, that in consideration of twenty-two acres of ground or land, by them granted, within their manor of Westley in Essex, to be enclosed into his park of Curingham, he would for ever, upon the feast day of the Conversion of St. Paul in winter, give unto them a good doe, seasonable and sweet; and upon the feast of the commemoration of St. Paul in summer, a good buck, and offer the same upon the high altar; the same to be spent amongst the canons residents. The doe to be brought by one man at the hour of procession, and through the procession to the high altar, and the bringer to have nothing: the buck to be brought by all his men in like manner, and they to have paid unto them by the chamberlain of the church twelve pence only, and no more to be required. This grant he made, and for performance bound the lands of him and his heirs to be distrained on; if the lands should be evicted, that yet he and his heirs should accomplish the gift. Witnesses: Richard Tilberie, William de Wockendon, Richard de Harlowe, knights, Peter of Stanforde, Thomas of Waldon, and some others.

"Sir Walter Baude, son to William, confirmed this gift, in the 30th of the said king, and the witnesses thereunto were Nicholas de Wockendon, Richard de Rokeley, Thomas de Mandevile, John de Rochford, knights, Richard de Broniford, William de Markes, William de Fulham, and other. Thus much for the grant.

"Now what I have heard by report, and have partly seen, it followeth. On the feast day of the commemoration of St. Paul, the buck being brought up to the steps of the high altar in Paul's church, at the hour of procession, the dean and chapter being apparalled in copes and vestments, with *garlands of roses on their heads, they sent the body of the buck to baking*, and had the head fixed on a pole, borne before the cross in their procession, until they issued out of the west door, where the *keeper that brought it blowed the death of the buck, and then the horners that were about the city presently answered him in like manner*; for the which pains they had each one of the dean and chapter, four pence in money, and their dinner, and the keeper that brought it, was allowed during his abode there, for that service, meat, drink, and lodging, at the dean and chapter's charges, and five shillings in money at his going away, together with a loaf of bread, having the picture of St. Paul upon it, &c.

"There was belonging to the church of St. Paul, for both the days, two special suits of vestments, the one embroidered with bucks, the other with does, both given by the said Bauds (as I have heard). Thus much for the matter."

What a contrast to this crowded scene of the priests in their gorgeous copes and vestments, with their garlands of roses upon their heads—the buck's head borne before the cross—the horner blowing the death of the stag, and the horners of the city answering him,—a spectacle which would have furnished the brilliant pencil of Stothard with a companion to his delightful picture of "The Canterbury

Pilgrims,"—is to be found in this little rural picture, this Morland-like sketch of Goodman's Fields—yes, gentle reader, Goodman's Fields!

"Near adjoining to this abbey (an abbey of nuns of the order of St. Clare, called the Minories), on the south side thereof, was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery; at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son, being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground first for grazing of horses, and then for garden-plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby."

How strangely, yet how graphically, does old Stow mix up in the following description of the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, the history of the Maypole which gave its name to the church—that name which smacks of the olden sports of merry England—with the mistaken zeal of Sir Stephen, the curate, whose tirades caused its destruction, and the melancholy fate of the poor bailiff of Romford, whose untimely death was owing to the same fanatic:—

"At the north-west corner of this ward, in the said high street, standeth the fair and beautiful parish church of St. Andrew the Apostle; with an addition to be known from other churches of that name, of the knape or undershaft; and so called St. Andrew Undershaft, because that of old time, every year on May-day in the morning, it was used, that an high or long shaft, or May-pole, was set up there, in the midst of the street, before the south side of the said church; which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple. Geoffrey Chaucer, writing of a vain boaster, hath these words meaning of the said shaft:

" 'Right well aloft, and high ye beare your heade,
The weather cocke, with flying, as ye would kill,
When ye be stuffed, bet of wine, then brede,
Then looke ye, when your wombe doth fill,
As ye would beare the great shaft of Cornehill,
Lord, so merrily crowdeth then your croke,
That all the streete may heare your body cloke.'

"This shaft was not raised at any timesince evil May-day (so called of an insurrection made by apprentices and other young persons against aliens in the year 1517); but the said shaft was laid along over the doors, and under the pentices of one row of houses and alley gate, called of the shaft Shaft alley (being of the possessions of Rochester bridge), in the ward of Lime street. It was there, I say, hung on iron hooks many years, till the third of King Edward VI., that one Sir Stephen, curate of St. Katherine Christ's church, preaching at Paule's cross, said there that this shaft was made an idol, by naming the church of St. Andrew with the addition of 'under that shaft:' he persuaded therefore that the names of churches might be altered; also that the names of days in the week might be changed; the fish days to be kept any days except Friday and Saturday, and the lent any time, save only betwixt Shrovetide and Easter. I have oftentimes seen this man, for-

saking the pulpit of his said parish church, preach out of a high elm-tree in the midst of the churchyard, and then entering the church, forsaking the altar, to have sung his high mass in English upon a tomb of the dead towards the north. I heard his sermon at Paule's cross, and I saw the effect that followed; for in the afternoon of that present Sunday, the neighbours and tenants to the said bridge, over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had well dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house; and they of the alley divided among them so much as had lain over their alley gate. Thus was this idol (as he termed it) mangled, and after burned.

"Soon after was there a commotion of the commons in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other shires; by means whereof, straight orders being taken for the suppression of rumours, divers persons were apprehended and executed by martial law; amongst the which the bailiff of Romfort, in Essex, was one, a man very well beloved: he was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day, then kept holiday, brought by the sheriffs of London and the knight-marshal to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet set up that morning, where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect: 'Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, 'What news in the country?' I answered, 'Heavy news.' 'Why?' quoth he. 'It is said,' quoth I, 'that many men be up in Essex, but thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us:' and this was all, as God be my judge,' &c. Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city, and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door where I then kept house."

What a contrast does this melancholy incident present, in which the power of the law is vindicated, and summary justice inflicted upon a poor brawler, to the following elaborate description of the rights which belonged to a proud baron—in his character of Castellan and Banner-bearer to the lordly citizens of London.

"The said Robert, and his heirs, ought to be, and are chief bannerers of London, in fee of the chastilairie, which he and his ancestors had by Castle Baynard, in the said city. In time of war the said Robert, and his heirs, ought to serve the city in manner as followeth: that is, the said Robert ought to come, he being the twentieth man of arms on horseback, covered with cloth, or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul, with his banner displayed before him of his arms; and when he is come to the said door, mounted and apparelled, as before is said, the mayor with his aldermen and sheriffs armed in their arms, shall come out of the said church of St. Paul, unto the said door, with a banner in his hand, all on foot, which banner shall be gules, with the image of St. Paul, gold, the face, hands, feet and sword, of silver; and as soon as the said Robert shall see the mayor, aldermen,

and sheriffs, come on foot out of the church, armed with such a banner, he shall alight from his horse, and salute the mayor, and say to him,—‘ Sir mayor, I am come to do my service, which I owe to the city.’ And the mayor and aldermen shall answer,—‘ We give to you, as our bannerer of fee in this city, this banner of this city to bear, and govern to the honour and profit of the city to our power.’ And the said Robert and his heirs shall receive the banner in his hands, and shall go on foot out of the gate with the banner in his hands; and the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, shall follow to the door, and shall bring a horse to the said Robert worth twenty pounds, which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said Robert, and shall be covered with sandals of the said arms. Also they shall present to him twenty pounds sterling money, and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert for his expenses that day. Then the said Robert shall mount upon the horse which the mayor presented to him, with the banner in his hand, and as soon as he is up, he shall say to the mayor, that he cause a marshal to be chosen for the host, one of the city; which marshal being chosen, the said Robert shall command the mayor and burgesses of the city to warn the commoners to assemble together, and they shall all go under the banner of St. Paul, and the said Robert shall bear it himself unto Aldgate, and there the said Robert and mayor shall deliver the said banner of St. Paul from thence, to whom they shall assent or think good. And if they must make any issue forth of the city, then the said Robert ought to choose two forth of every ward, the most sage personages, to foresee to the safe keeping of the city after they be gone forth. And this counsel shall be taken in the priory of the Trinity near unto Aldgate. And before every town or castle which the host of London besiege, if the siege continue a whole year, the said Robert shall have for every siege of the commonalty of London an hundred shillings for his travail, and no more. These be the rights that the said Robert hath in the time of war.—Rights belonging to Robert Fitzwalter, and to his heirs in the city of London, in the time of peace, are these: that is to say, the said Robert hath a soken or ward in the city, that is, a wall of the canonry of St. Paul, as a man goeth down the street before the brew-house of St. Paul unto the Thames, and so to the side of the mill, which is in the water that cometh down from the Fleet bridge, and goeth so by London walls, betwixt the Friars preachers and Ludgate, and so returneth back by the house of the said Friars unto the said wall of the said canonry of St. Paul, that is, all the parish of St. Andrew, which is in the gift of his ancestors by the said seigniority. And so the said Robert hath appendant unto the said soken all these things underwritten,—that he ought to have a sokeman, and to place what sokeman he will, so he be of the sokemanry, or the same ward; and if any of the sokemanry be impleaded in the Guildhall of any thing that toucheth not the body of the mayor that for the time is, or that toucheth the body of no sheriff, it is not lawful for the sokeman of the sokemanry of the said Robert Fitzwalter to demand a court of the said Robert, and the mayor, and his citizens of London, ought to grant him to have a court, and in his court he ought to bring his judgments, as it is assented and agreed upon in this Guildhall, that shall be given them. If any, therefore,

be taken in his sokenly, he ought to have his stocks and imprisonment in his soken; and he shall be brought from thence to the Guildhall before the mayor, and there they shall provide him his judgment that ought to be given of him; but his judgment shall not be published till he come into the court of the said Robert, and in his liberty. And the judgment shall be such, that if he have deserved death by treason, he to be tied to a post in the Thames at a good wharf where boats are fastened, two ebbings and two flowings of the water.* And if he be condemned for a common thief, he ought to be led to the Elms, and there suffer his judgment as other thieves. And so the said Robert and his heirs hath honour that he holdeth a great franchise within the city, that the mayor of the city and citizens are bound to do him of right, that is to say, that when the mayor will hold a great council he ought to call the said Robert, and his heirs, to be with him in council of the city, and the said Robert ought to be sworn to be of council with the city against all people, saving the king and his heirs. And when the said Robert cometh to the hustings in the Guildhall of the city, the mayor, or his lieutenant, ought to rise against him, and set him down near unto him; and so long as he is in the Guildhall, all the judgment ought to be given by his mouth."

If this scene exhibits the proud citizens maintaining in a splendour befitting their important position, the dignity of one of their chief officers, and showing forth their claims to respect from their wealth, power, and influence, the next shall display them in a yet brighter light, with stronger claims to our sympathies and affections—when, under the influence of feelings of charity and devotion, they took their weekly walk towards Houndsditch to relieve the distresses of their necessitous brethren.

"From Aldgate, north-west to Bishopsgate, lieth the ditch of the city called Houndsditch; for that, in old time, when the same lay open, much filth (conveyed forth of the city), especially dead dogs, were there laid or cast; wherefore of latter time a mud wall was made, inclosing the ditch, to keep out the laying of such filth as had been accustomed. Over against this mud wall, on the other side of the street, was a fair field, sometime belonging to the priory of the Trinity, and since by Sir Thomas Audley given to Magdalen College in Cambridge: this field (as all other about the city) was inclosed, reserving open passage thereinto for such as were disposed. Towards the street

* We subjoin the note upon this passage as a specimen of the manner in which the Editor of the edition from which we are quoting, has illustrated the various allusions to bygone manners and customs scattered throughout Stow's amusing narrative.

† Though the punishment of death by drowning has ceased to be inflicted in this country for so long a period, that it is not, we believe, even mentioned by Blackstone in his *Commentaries*, it is equally certain not only that it obtained during the middle ages, but that instances of its infliction occurred on the continent during the last century. We, of course, do not allude to the *Noyades* of the French Revolution. Thus, in the *Hanov. Mag.* 1797, Nos. 11, 12, we read.—'Jehan de Champin ravi et prist à force Jehanne de la Broce, pour lequel fait il a esté noyé.' See further upon this subject, Grimm's *Deutsche Rechts Altherthümer*, pp. 696—699. In a preceding note, p. 9, mention has been made of the drowning of a woman at London Bridge. Grimm, in his most learned and elaborate work, quotes an instance of a punishment precisely similar from Gregory of Tours."

were some small cottages, of two stories high, and little garden plots backward, for the poor bed-rid people, for in that street dwelt none other, built by some prior of the Holy Trinity, to whom that ground belonged.

"In my youth, I remember, devout people, as well men as women of this city, were accustomed oftentimes, especially on Fridays, weekly to walk that way purposely there to bestow their charitable alms; every poor man or woman lying in their bed within their window, which was towards the street, open so low that every man might see them, a clean linen cloth lying in their window, and a pair of beads, to show that there lay a bed-rid body, unable but to pray only. This street was first paved in the year 1503."

We have designated our paper, "*London in the Good Old Times*;" and we think all who read it will admit, that if instances of this charitable and kindly spirit were frequent in the Olden Times, they well deserved the eulogistic epithet by which we have distinguished them.

Readers, they were frequent. The chapter of Stow's Survey, entitled "*Honour of Citizens and Worthiness of Men in the same*," exhibits a long list of charitable donations and bequests, conceived in a fine spirit of humanity, and carried into execution with a munificence befitting the natives of a city whose merchants have ever been as princes.

What many benevolent individuals of the present day are assiduously labouring for (a good work, in which they are happily seconded by the all-powerful influence of "*The Times*"), viz., the means of providing a supply of pure water for the use of the poor,—was, at the period of which we are writing, a subject of anxious interest to many worthy citizens, who applied a large portion of the goods, with which Providence had blessed them, in the erection of Conduits. One individual alone, Barnard Randolph, Common Serjeant of the City, gave, in the year 1583, no less a sum than nine hundred pounds towards the water conduits. Honoured be the memory of the man who contributed so munificently towards those useful public works, which must have been regarded as alike blessings to the humbler citizens, and ornaments to the city.

But our limits warn us to draw to a close our notice of the valuable little work, which has given the venerable Stow a never-ending claim to the gratitude of his fellow citizens. It has just been reprinted, at a price which is within the reach of all classes of the reading public. The present Editor has been content to leave the work as Stow wrote it, not endeavouring, as Munday and Strype have done, to bring the work down to their own time—a course which would not only have trebled, at least, the size and price of the volume, but destroyed its interest as a picture of London at the close of the sixteenth century. He has, however, illustrated and explained the many curious allusions to manners and customs, scattered throughout Stow's descriptions, and with a few specimens of the manner in which he has executed this part of his task, we must bring the present paper to a close.

Thus Stow states that John Godnay, who was mayor in 1427, in the year 1444 "wedded the widow of Robert Large, late mayor, which widow had taken the mantle and ring, and the vow to live

chaste to God during the term of her life, for the breach whereof, the marriage done, they were troubled by the Church, and put to penance, both he and she;" which Mr. Thoms explains in the following note:—

"It was formerly a common custom for widows to make a vow to observe chastity in honour of their deceased husbands. The following translation of the ceremonial observed upon such an occasion, which is given by Fosbroke in his *British Monachism*, p. 510, will sufficiently explain Stow's allusion to the mantle and ring.

"13th March, 1393, Lady Blanch, relict of Sir Nicholas de Styvecle, knight, alleging that she was a parishioner of John Lord Bishop of Ely, humbly supplicated the said bishop, that he would think worthy to accept her vow of chastity, and from consideration of regard confer upon her the mantle and ring, &c.; and afterwards the said Lady Blanch, in the chapel of the manor of Dodyngton, in the diocese of Ely, before the high altar, in the presence of the said reverend father, then and there solemnly celebrating mass, made solemnly her vows of chastity, as follows, in these words:—

"I, Blanch, heretofore wife to Sir Nicholas de Styvecle, knight, vow to God, and our holy Lady Saint Mary, and all saints, in presence of our Reverend Father in God, John, by the grace of God, Bishop of Ely, that I will be chaste from henceforth during my life."

"And the said reverend father received her vow, and solemnly consecrated and put upon the said vowess *the mantle and ring* in the presence of, &c." "One of the witnesses," adds Fosbroke, "is a notary public."

Again, Stow speaks of a murderer claiming the privilege of sanctuary, and abjuring the king's land, which is thus explained by the editor:—

"This abjuring the king's land was an act of self-banishment, which any person claiming the privilege of sanctuary was called upon to put in force. Within the space of forty days he was to clothe himself in sackcloth, confess his crime before the coroner, solemnly abjure the realm, and taking a cross in his hand, repair to an appointed port, embark, and quit the country. If apprehended, or brought back on his way thither within forty days, he was entitled to plead his privilege of sanctuary, and to claim a free passage.

"The murderer mentioned in the text was obviously being conveyed by the constables to the port appointed for his embarkation, when he was visited by the summary justice of the friends and neighbours of the widow whom he had slain."

Stow, treating of the sports and customs of the city, tells us that—

"In the week before Easter had ye great shows made for the fetching in of a twisted tree, or With, as they termed it, out of the woods into the king's house; and the like into every man's house of honour or worship."

On which Mr. Thoms observes—

"Strange to say, this curious allusion to a very remarkable custom appears to have escaped the notice not only of Brand, but of his learned and accomplished editor, Sir Henry Ellis. The tree here alluded to was doubtless brought in as an emblem of authority, perhaps of judicial authority, since in the middle ages, courts of justice were

so frequently held under the shadow of some wide-spreading and well-known tree, that 'under the linden' became a common mode of expressing the locality in which justice was administered. See Grimm's '*Deutsche Rechts Altherthümer*,' p. 796, and the fine old Dutch ballad, '*Het daghet uit den oosten*,' in Hoffman's '*Horæ Belgicæ*,' (pars II. '*Hollandische Volkslieder*,' p. 101.)—

" 'The maiden took her mantle,
And hastened on her way,
Where under the *green linden*
Her murdered lover lay.'

"And which words, 'under the green linden,' are supposed by Hoffman to imply that the corpse of the murdered lover had already been borne to the place of judgment, in order that the customary declaration of murder might be duly pronounced over it by the judges."

This note is, we think, very satisfactory as far as it goes; but it might have been added, that Easter (still one of our law terms) was always one of the seasons specially appointed for the settlement of judicial matters—a fact which quite confirms the editor's opinion that the tree or with was, in the case in question, an emblem of authority.

A FEW REMARKS ON *ÆSTHETICS* AT OUR UNIVERSITIES.*

IN a former number we took notice briefly of the first portion of this work—its suggestive character has tempted us to take a somewhat more extended view of its design and execution; we say suggestive, for its details, and more especially the spirit which appears to have dictated the researches of its author, offer ample fields for discussion and criticism, and it is with reluctance that we shall confine ourselves to the limits of a single paper, when questions of no small importance are at issue.

There are few things that strike us as more extraordinary in the history of literature and literary men than the strong line of demarcation which has existed between the students of Classical and the students of English Poetry; we here speak, of course, of the men of research, rather than of the mere dabblers in each department.† Deeply venerating genius, however, and wherever developed, we lament to see so much divided worship. We fear that beyond mere want of sympathy, there lurks in each of these parties a disposition to throw a slight upon the pursuits of the other. Besides being prejudiced in favour of that which it has cost him much labour to acquire, the scholar is often inclined to view his scholarship as a class distinction, and to rejoice in the exclusive nature of his knowledge, and as

* Illustrations of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, from the Greek, Latin and English Poets, by J. F. Boyes, M.A. 8vo. Vincent, Oxford.

† We heartily rejoice that Mr. Boyes has made use of the labours of the Shakespeare Society. Considering its high aim, and the number of its members, amongst whom are many of the most distinguished *literati* of our day, we are surprised at not seeing more University men on its list. There could scarcely be a stronger general confirmation of our remarks.

matters now stand he can scarcely avoid entertaining this feeling almost insensibly, however great his liberality may be. He is taught to value it as a badge, no less than for its intrinsic worth, though of the latter he may be fully aware, and, if we except the higher and mathematical sciences, he is disposed to look down upon, and consequently to neglect, those branches of knowledge for which the classics are not, more or less, a necessary qualification. Now, the wall behind which he thus ensconces himself, and which he views very rightly as containing within it much that is highly valuable, but absurdly, as serving for a barrier between the sacred and profane, is viewed, *ab extra*, in a very different light. The excluded are not aware of the microcosm of beauty which is contained within, how far the region out of their sight may extend, or with what graceful forms it may be peopled; they see in this barrier only that which limits and confines, and pity the distinction of a splendid restraint. Those only who are free of each territory, and who make use of their liberty, know how falsely each party estimates the condition of the other, and must admit that the ignorance of those within is the most culpable, because it is the most voluntary. With the scholar who has no admiration to spare for anything which is not hallowed by some classical admixture we have little sympathy. We should be inclined to put a volume of Burns into his hands, and so leave him, with little hope, believing him to be a made up, artificial man, who has, in all probability, in the first instance read what he has read on compulsion, and not from the love of it. From such specimens do the undiscerning too often draw inferences respecting scholarship itself, and the influence of collegiate training on English taste and poetic developement. There are others biassed against the classics as a groundwork for the education of taste, who have really a right to form an opinion on the subject, and if they have formed a false one, as in many instances we think they have, whilst it is accounted for, it ought also to be combated. Let us take up one or two of the topics which would probably be urged in argument against the University system, by men of no small pretensions to taste, and let us canvass their soundness. They have read, they will tell us, the equipoised lives of Newdigate after Newdigate, till they know to a nicety the epithet to which every substantive has a prescriptive right, till they can anticipate the second rhyme of every couplet, and the grand halo-prophetic close, without which no University prize poem is ever accounted perfect. They will ask us perhaps why the Professor's chair was allowed so long "to swing silent in unascended majesty." Why the whole matter was allowed to lapse miserably into a mere theological squabble, and why the disputed seat has been filled at last by one of so little mark and likelihood. They will perhaps point to the gilt gingerbread gods and goddesses, which vain, pedantic, second rate court-rhymers, were fain to set up as the signs of the poetry stall in their fancy fairs, and will probably tell us that this was the effect of the classical infusion. They will moreover ask us, why most of the approved commentators upon our classical poets, have been as a body altogether undistinguished by poetical sensibility or power? Now in answer to the first of these complaints, we are inclined to deny *in toto* anything like the relation of cause and

effect, as existing between the University system of education, and the prize poems there produced, beyond a certain knack and facility of handling a very limited poetical phraseology, with a very slight degree of grace, which may, perhaps, have been partly acquired by frequent practice of Latin versification; this of itself is no evil, and accounts rather for the number than the quality of the poems which compete for the prize. Many of the successful candidates, however, have been notoriously indifferent scholars; the style of the poems does not in the slightest degree partake of that of any of the masterpieces of the Greek or Latin muse. It rather oscillates between the Goldsmith and Campbell school,—a style easily caught, easily commending itself to the uneducated ear, and relished perhaps more than any other by nine out of ten of a mixed audience. A style too, which, we will venture to say, would be adopted by the majority of youthful candidates, if a prize were offered for public competition, out of the Universities. If there must be a pattern, it would be far more in character to award a prize to some sketch or description after the manner of Milton, or Spenser, as our great English classic poets. We have not even observed in these juvenile efforts, a predominance of words of Latin over those of Saxon derivation. In fact, as they are meant for public recitation, we have always considered the whole affair as a concession to popular, rather than as a specimen of University taste. If the reader answers that it ought not to be so, we must say that herein we agree with him, though we altogether absolve the classics themselves of share in the evil. Again, to speak of the professional question, and the clamour raised, by some ignorantly, by others maliciously, and with a desire of leading the public to draw an unjust inference. The Universities are expected, it would seem, to have ever in readiness a first rate fire-new poet for every vacancy in the Professor's seat; and those who would be ready to deny the Universities the power of producing any thing great and original, must affect an indignant surprise that something great and original is not forthcoming as soon as required. Aid us, Paris, Bologna, Salamanca,—tell us, ye universities from Gottingen to Gower Street, how we may afford a decennial contradiction to the "*Poeta nascitur non fit*;" how we may save ourselves from the obloquy of being baffled by the refusal of spirits "to come when we do call them." We do not suspect for a moment any individual of ordinary intelligence, of joining in this ridiculous cry; but is there any one of the rabble who first raised it, so ignorant as not to know, that cramping, and stultifying as they would wish to make the Universities appear, from them have proceeded the three greatest poets of the last half century, to say nothing of Coleridge, Wilson, Heber, Talfourd, and many other names highly distinguished in poetry and criticism; and that looking back to the Fathers of English Song, they have produced, or at least have not blighted when entrusted to their nurture, far more than their proportion of our noblest poets.

We are fully sensible of the injury which English poetry has sustained at the hands of those who have studied the poets of Greece and Rome, less for the purpose of being imbued with the better and

purser portion of their spirit, than of bodily carrying off some of their materials, servilely following mere outside form, and adopting a mythological apparatus. There are few who will dispute this, and it has often struck us that a distinguished modern bard was quixotically late in appearing in the field, against a cause for which, if rightly understood, scarcely any one would break a lance with him. It is not especially as an anti-classical school, that Bowles and his followers have rendered an important service, but as a school opposed to copyists, and mere followers of forms, and the supremacy of any limited, prescribed phraseology, over thought and feeling. Those who cannot be original will find something to imitate; and the question may reasonably be asked, whether, if the Greek and Latin poets had never found their way into England at all, we might not have been as weary of Thor and Odin, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Gawain, Oberon and Puck, as subjects, and of the old ballad style, as we really have been of the worshipful company of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, &c., of English Pastorals, and long-winded odes, miscalled Pindaric. We verily believe more so; and we would not give a pin for the principle of the so called Natural School, unless it is calculated to protect us against the former abuse, as well as the latter. Inferior poets such as these there always have been, and such we suppose there always will be, who subsist, not on the æthereal, but on the more gross and palpable and material parts of those whom they choose to imitate. No really good poet was ever injured by studying the classic models; and in the case of the ordinary student, there is, after all, little of that mannerism about the best productions, which should make them dangerous as subjects. Take Homer, like his own "ocean stream," all-embracing, all-reflecting, ever fresh, free, and musical. Who ever caught the *trick* of Homer, or the severe, statue-like grace of Sophocles, or the unprotrusive, slowly winning, shy beauties of Virgil? They have no false nor even laboured effect, no catching peculiarity on which a school could be founded.

—quivis

Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem.

Irrespective of their having been written in what are called the learned languages, and solely with a view to their effects upon the taste, we question whether any other set of authors could be substituted as objects of contemplation and study with less danger of abuse.

But though we find no fault with these, we think the inquiry may fairly be made, whether beyond the mere exhibition of them by accurate translation, much further pains is taken at our Universities towards the education of the Æsthetic faculty; whether the imagination and taste are not almost left to shift for themselves, whilst the memory, the reasoning power, and minute verbal criticism receive a full share of attention. We think that the influence of University training on taste is at any rate somewhat of a negative kind. It prescribes indeed a quietism, and dryness, and, as a general rule, is adverse to ornament when unaccompanied with solidity: rampant verbiage, and Hibernian exuberance are treated with the most profound con-

tempt,* an order of things to which the recitation of the Newdigate has always appeared to us, as we before stated, a sort of Saturnalian exception for the indulgence of the multitude assembled on that occasion. So far, well, but might we not expect something rather more positive than this? Go to the College lecture room when an ancient poet is the subject, and in nine cases out of ten does it not remind us of the anatomist's dissecting-room, where the nerves and veins of the dead subject are laid bare, and scrutinized with unfeeling precision, rather than the artist's studio, where the divine graces, the exquisite proportions of the living flesh, or the half-living marble, are dilated on with infectious ardour, or to change the metaphor, is not the student often hurried by his trainer through the most lovely regions, where enjoyment of the scene might be made to accompany the exercise which is imparting vigour, with, to all appearance, no other object than that of preparing, by mere sudorific excitement, the classical athlete for the senate house or the schools,—a purpose for which the shapeless Salebræ of Lycophron might almost be made to serve as well? Or take the first handful of Cambridge Examination Papers, on some five or six of the ancient Tragedies. We have often thought that the editors of the theatre of the Greeks must be almost ashamed of their own success. Surely some of its most minute details were intended as answers—not to some scores of Examination Papers, but to a few very inquiring minds, making their researches in a particular direction. As a *liber inter libros* it is excellent, and contains much, not merely useful, but necessary information, but it ought not to be as, we fear it is, the main stock in trade of the majority of college tutors and university examiners. Ask one of these gentlemen why the classic poets are so much studied, he will unquestionably answer with a view to the improvement of taste; is the fact consistent with this profession? If it is said that it is sufficient to reveal the Classic Poets, and then to leave the mind to observe and select for itself, what it is to admire, we answer, should we be satisfied with the professor, or even the mere amateur, in the other elegant imitative arts, if he turned us into the Louvre, or the Vatican, without troubling himself about putting us into good lights, or pointing out perfections of which he ought to be a better judge than ourselves, but should rather prefer dwelling at length on such subjects as the dates of pictures, and the grinding and mixing of colours? Surely not. To awaken any thing like ardour, or to create susceptibility, would, in the case of some pupils, be exceedingly difficult, or perhaps the attempt might end in a total failure; but with many it would succeed—at all events the trial ought to be made more frequently than it is.

Let us not be supposed for one moment to underrate critical scholarship, or to forget our obligations to such men as Stanley, Porson and others, whom we might name, who are far above any shaft of ours if we were rash or ungrateful enough to aim one. They have served the purpose of skilful opticians. Lens after lens have they formed,

* Some, of course, come forth incurable and are guilty of spasmodic varieties and "fantastic tricks before high heaven" and fashionable congregations, which they dare not for their lives commit under the eye of their Alma Mater.

and adopted, till we have seen more and more distinctly and minutely the beauties and the purport of things far off in the vista of time. Some of them have evidently enjoyed the visions which their own ingenuity has rendered distinct, more have congratulated themselves in that ingenuity, applying their eye to the glass for scarcely any other purpose than that of testing its clearness or its power. Do we now busy ourselves most with the telescope, or the prospect which it reveals; we fear, with the former, and when is this to end?

At the limited training of the Æsthetic faculty in one of its most important branches, the work which we have at present before us, whether intentionally or not, is evidently pointing. Strange to say, up to the time of its appearance, no one, if we except Mr. Howell,* has brought any store of English reading worth mention, to bear upon any one of the classic poets. Their sentiments, constructions, and metaphors, have, as a rule, been illustrated only by classical citations, and if parallels could not be obtained from the ancient sources, no efforts have been made to supply them from any other quarter; though here and there a few privileged students may have met with a tutor of more taste and general reading than ordinary, who has indulged them now and then with a quotation from more modern literature. The interest with which these are often listened to, might, we think, ere now, have suggested to some one amongst the many thousands of students of the ancient poets such a work as that which we are reviewing, as a refreshing change amidst prosodiocal discussions, corrections of texts, and the thumbing of scholiasts and original manuscripts. That exemplifications of the kind, here referred to, may be useful to the scholar we consider as admitted by the meagre citations of Monk, Blomfield, Burges, and Peile, for we can scarcely suppose that out of mere whim or vanity they would have made useless additions to the enormous bulk of letter-press which seems to be a necessary appendage to the Greek play. "Why," however, as Mr. Boyes observes, in speaking on this subject, "if the principle is a sound one, is it not worth following up?" We will not quote his apology for the learned editors, which savours rather too much of charity, the penuriousness of their illustrations having, we imagine, been consented to rather by their poverty than their will. For what they have done we thank them, and only wish it had been more.

We have no words to throw away upon the man who can take no interest in a comparison of the thoughts of great minds, of whatever age or country. "Expression," too, "the dress of thought," with its endless modifications, varying according to the character of mind, and the capacity of language, and influenced by climate, custom, and religion, the aspect of the same immutable truths as they have been uttered by the Christian or Heathen moralist, the yearning of those affections, which are the common inheritance of humanity, in every age and clime. But we must break off where we feel most tempted to let our thoughts have their run, and proceed to observe, that another valuable end is likely to be gained by the publication of such works

* This gentleman some years ago edited the Odes and Epodes of Horace, with illustrations from the English Poets.

as that which we are now noticing, if thereby any breach is made in the barrier to which we have referred at the commencement of our remarks. If, in the department of poetry, the university man is led to turn his attention more than he has hitherto done to the treasures of his "land's language," and if to the students of English poetry it has been shown, that there are at least some amongst those whom he has perhaps been in the habit of considering as mere scholars, who can sympathise in his pleasures, and who consider his pursuits as no less important and interesting than those which are more immediately their own, who are happy to meet him on common ground, and who would willingly tempt him at the expense of a little labour to partake of that which they do not wish in selfish exclusiveness to enjoy."

Our readers will see that we have availed ourselves of the appearance of the present work for the purpose of saying a few things which have long *wanted saying*, and which are of far more importance than a mere review of any particular book; we must not, however, altogether neglect details. That the reader may be enabled to judge how far Mr. Boyes is qualified, by familiarity with his authors, for the task which he has undertaken, we will give a specimen of his introduction: he is dwelling upon some of the leading peculiarities of Greek expressions, confirming them by copious references, which, however, we need not extract. "It is not by long strains of commendation that the child expresses its attachment to the parent, 'in whose smile and by whose side' it has lived from its infancy,—it has a thousand simpler and more genuine earnestness of its affections; so it is not in their exquisite descriptions that we have the truest evidence of the love of the Athenians for external nature. We need do no more than advert to their tendency to anthropomorphism, or the worship of the human form, admirably treated of by Mr. Coleridge in connection with this principle. I will collect some of their most common phrases and expressions, and consider them with reference to it. Let us notice, for instance, the high importance which they attach to that grand key of external nature, the eye. Why, by a readily adopted eastern metaphor, is the monarch or the magistrate the eye of the state, but that the eye was held to be the monarch of the senses? It is probable that all, but especially the Oriental nations, give the vision this pre-eminence! none, however, show it so distinctly as the Greeks. The voice and the clash are seen; the pæan flashes; and the echo gleams back from the distant rock; by the voice the blind beholds; the ears of the deaf are sightless; as in Hebrew poetry, the possession of this faculty makes the grand difference between the living and the dead, for light and life are one. Not merely is the eye the means of discovering, but by a bold conversion the means of discovery are the eye. Words referring to a definite and beneficial object are seeing words. The eyes are dearer than children, and the warrior values his lance, not merely above the gods, but above his very eyes. When the poet wishes to put into the mouths of the Persian chorus the highest title for their queen, she is 'a light equal to the eyes of the gods.' Orestes is the only hope, the precious eye of his house, and of his sister.

"To continue the argument, and at the same time to give further instances of the favourite expressions of these two poets, (*Æschylus* and

Sophocles,) we may judge in the contemplation of what objects they loved to employ the faculty of sight, by noticing the use of such words as *σάζω*, *θάλλω*, *ἄθος*, with their compounds and derivatives. The connection of these with subjects in themselves the most dark and calamitous, produces a frequent, and perhaps not altogether unintentional euphonism. Horror and woe trickle drop by drop shudderingly along the heart, as the cool filterings of the cavern. One and the same word which expresses to us the oozing of the dark effervescing of frenzy in the soul, might perhaps more properly be used to describe the distillation of the honey of Hymettus. Disease spreads itself, and blooms forth upon the flesh as the overgrowing of herbage. The existence of the Nightingale is shrouded in sorrows sprouting around her thick as foliage. The hoariness of age, is a white-blossoming, the very compliment which old January pays himself in Chaucer's tale. The misfortunes of a noble family are made to burst forth into bloom. The haughty speech is the efflorescence of the lips. Groans are the flowers plucked from the tree of anguish; and the chaunters of the funeral dirge shower these upon the bier, so that not merely the custom, but the very language of the Greeks, veiled as it were the deformity of death, and scattered the corpse with flowers.

“From these considerations, how easy is it to account for some other of the Greek euphonisms. It was less owing to the politeness than to the temperament of this people, that they were fond of evading expressions that reminded them of mortality. The very thought of the cessation of existence threw a shadow on the countenance of the animated Athenian, to whom nothing but the light of fame could compensate for the loss of the day beam, and the uncertainty of Elysium. From such a people, it was no small sacrifice which Pericles demanded, when he bade them leave their pleasure grounds and gardens to the ravages of the Spartan, and exchange the olive groves of Attica, even for the statues of Phidias; and Alcibiades shewed a thorough knowledge of their nature, when he celebrated his recall from exile, by protecting their festive procession through the open country to the temple at Eleusis.”

The Introduction, from which the preceding is extracted, is a summary of the more important observations which the author has taken in his poetical excursion, most of them bearing more or less in peculiarities of simile, construction, and dramatic position, which, whether accidentally or not, our own poets possess in common with the two most eminent Greek dramatists. His remarks on Shakspeare's scholarship, though not conclusive, appear reasonable and well founded. Those on some of our other poets, especially Cowley and Shelley, are so well supported by extracts occurring throughout the work, that should new editions of the works of the two last named poets be ever projected, the most valuable materials for such a purpose are here already supplied. Vague expressions which are flung about in the common parlance of critics, with regard to the scholastic attainments of our English poets, are here thoroughly sounded; and the evidently extensive reading of the author gives him a right to speak with an air of decision on this and similar points, and ought to give his readers confidence in following him.

One error of no great importance we find in this part of the work. The translator of Seneca, to whom Mr. B. refers, was Jasper Heywood, a very different person from Thomas Heywood, with whom we here find him confused. Of the former, the translations of four of the tragedies of Seneca are, we believe, the only works; whilst Thomas, his namesake, who came into notice some few years after him, was one of our most voluminous writers for the English stage.

The second, and main portion of the work, consists of quotations, principally from our own best poets from Chaucer to the present time, with the portions of the Greek texts affixed which they are intended to illustrate. There are also passages from the Scriptures and Apocrypha, and a great many most apposite ones from Greek and Latin poets, which have escaped the observation of our classical commentators. We can promise the scholar, that, from one source or another, he will find most of those daring expressions of Æschylus, which he has hitherto considered unique, repeated, either accidentally, or designedly, by other poets.

This portion of the work, however, is not without its defects; and some of these have arisen either from a too great desire to make it complete, as far as its nature admits of completeness, or, from a sense of the existence of profound ignorance of some of the mere common-places of poetry, in many of those to whom the work is addressed. What else could make him illustrate the ὀρθόθριξ φόβος, "straight-haired fear," by three or four quotations, and we know not how many references, or the ordinary and matter-of-course appeal which Æschylus puts into the mouth of the Greeks previous to the onset at Salamis. We mention these as specimens of what we consider to be weak and worthless quotations. These, we are glad to say, do not preponderate; out of many hundreds of passages of which the collection consists, there may be, perhaps, fifty or sixty which might well be spared, as neither novel, instructive, nor interesting. In some few there is, we think, an error of sense. Thus, for instance, in the "Prometheus Vincetus," in the illustration of the advice to the Ocean Nymphs,—

Μετά πον χωρεῖτ' ἐκ τῶν δε θεῶς.
Μὴ φρένας ὑμῶν ἡλιθιώσῃ
Βροντῆς μύκημ' ἀτέραμνον,—

Mr. B. must have been himself rather what the Greeks used to call ἐμβρόντητος, to have adduced the passage from Hudibras, in which allusion is made, rather to the infatuation preceding, than the stupefaction caused by, the thunder-stroke of Divine vengeance. We have found three or four instances of similar errors, which our limits forbid our quoting.

Considering that the work must have been one of considerable labour, and that publications connected with the classics are generally well looked after in their passage through the press, we are surprised at sundry typographical inaccuracies which Mr. Boyes has allowed to pass uncorrected: for these he has, of course, himself only to blame; and in the Sophocles which he has promised us, we hope he will exercise a more attentive supervision.

Our strictures are made in a friendly spirit; and to show this, as well as to make the orthodox display of our own competency to take up the pen as his reviewers, we will suggest, for a future edition of the "Agamemnon," a few passages from the Minor Greek Poets, which, we believe, have not hitherto been cited, though Mr. Boyes has not failed to illustrate most of the passages to which we would have them appended, from more modern sources. Thus, for the "slumber of the Ocean," line 551, which he illustrates from Thomson, Parnell, and Shelley, we would add one from Theætetus:—

Ὑπνώειδε θάλασσα, φιλοζεφύροιο γάληνης
Νηοφόροις νώτοις εὐδία πεπταμένης.

In an Epitaph by Philippus, we have the exchange of the nuptial song for the dirge (line 690) sweetly expressed:—

Ἄρτι μὲν ἐν θαλάμοις Νικιππίδος ἡδὺς ἐπήχει
Λωτός, καὶ γαμικοῖς ὕμνος ἔχαιρε κρότοις.
Θρήνος δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐκώμασεν.

This thought is illustrated by Mr. B. from Meleager, and Congreve's "Tears of Amaryllis." We might add another from Erinna of Mitylene, to the same effect. He brings a parallel to line 931 from Job, xxxix. 3. "They bring forth their *young ones*, they cast out their *sorrows*." We may add, from Leonidas's "Epitaph on Niobe,"—

Πέτρος εἶ' ἐν Σιπύλῳ Νιόβῃ θρήνοισιν αἰάζει,
Ἑπτὰ δις ὠδίνων μυρομένη θάνατον.

Ammianus gives us the feigned sympathy of the flatterer and parasite in our joy and sorrow, so well described in line 767, and the five or six that follow:—

Μὴ σὺν' ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίης ὠνθροφ' ἴζοιο τραπέξης
Ψώμον ὀνειδέιον γαστρὶ χαριζόμενος
Ἄλλοτε μὲν κλαίοντι καὶ ἐστνυγνόμενῳ ὁμμα
Συγκλαίων, καύθεις σὺν γελώωντι γελῶν.

Here we are furnished with several passages from Shakspeare, Juvenal, Byron, and Sir William Killigrew.

For the protection which Diana was supposed to extend over the creatures of the chase, we believe no parallel is given. We supply one from Adæus:—

Τῇ βαιῇ Καλαθίνῃ ὑπὸ σκυλάκων μογεούσῃ
Λητώϊς κουφὴν εὐτοκίην ἔπορεν.
Μούναις οὐ τι γυναιξὶν ἐπήκοος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰς
Συνθήρους σώζειν Ἀρτεμις οἶδε κύνας.

Julianus, in one of his inscriptions, describes the effect of weeping and wakefulness on the eyes, in language which reminds us strongly of that of Clytemnestra, (line 861, illustrated from Kyd, Dryden, and Congreve,)—

Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παγέντα
Ἰσταται, ἀγρύκνον σῆμα δυηπαθίης.

The "Ἀδην πόντιον, the "hell of waters," wants illustrating; we suggest a passage from Antiphilus of Byzantium;—

Ἦν ὄντως μεροπων χρύσειον γένος, εὖτ' ἀπὸ χέρσου
Τηλόθεν, ὡς Αἰδης, πόντος ἀπεβλέπετο.

We might add further quotations; but here will we hold, fearing that we may have already exhausted the reader's patience. We bid our Paralellogrammatist farewell, with our assurance that he has rendered an important service to the literature which he loves, and with the expression of our belief that his book will afford pleasure to those whose sympathy and approbation are worth labouring for. The veteran scholar will find it an agreeable companion as he renews his recollection of his once favourite studies; whilst the younger student, when weary of the adversaria of Critics, may turn to it as an appropriate relaxation, improving not merely as it may happen to elucidate the sense of a passage, but as it is assuredly calculated to liberalise his taste, and supply him with a store of language from the highest authorities.

LATER CHARACTERISTICS OF JOHN BULL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WE are a nation of egotists. The world holds not our equal, if our own story is to be credited. We can tolerate no censure from others; we who censure every body. We rejoice in panegyric, even from those we affect to despise. We hate all cheap things except flattery; and laying the unction of that to our souls, forget our favourite rule in the purchase of a commodity. Laudation, at which we chuckle like turkey cocks, never goes so deep into our hearts as when bestowed upon our self-consequence, and derived from the possession of hard money. The praise of our virtues or acquirements—we trust, not from the consciousness of our small stock—never half gratifies us like that bestowed upon our money's worth—our acquirements through the purse. It is delicious to be titillated with a feather! Nothing is so agreeable to the sensibilities as to be tickled into an asphyxia of self-satisfaction by the sound of our own transcendental perfections; but it may be a pleasure sometimes bought at the expense of conscious integrity—honest John Bull is not squeamish about trifles. If he do thank God he is not as other men, French, German, American, or "this publican"—it is but an amiable weakness growing out of his self-love, which he imagines to be love of country, for no one is more attached to his native soil; while no one scatters over all lands so thickly the bones of his offspring. This, he argues, is no proof of his want of patriotic attachment; yet what else can it be, save the degrading motive so much more influential in his own eyes—money?

John is no great friend to abstract truth; every one conforms to custom, and truth being naked, it is but decent she should remain in the bottom of her well, to prevent a shock to public modesty—the police

magistrates would send her to the treadmill. This is kind of honest John—but truth being forgotten, Principle in her guardian's absence has become a lady of easy virtue, and honest John gets loose in his morals. He can make war upon a peaceable people abroad, to keep alive a contraband trade in a drug; while he sends to prison at home, the bewhiskered noodle who ventures within sight of his own shore, having half a dozen segars in his pocket to solace his lack of mental resources;—but John is the most liberal of human beings, and ever acts up to the priceless maxim—"Do as you would be done unto!" Seasoned with pious ejaculations, John hopes that hyson may still come in plentifully, especially on account of his ancient maiden daughters; so he follows up this his desire for promoting free trade by a forced import of bullets and bayonets into the tea manufactory of the world—he soothes the foreigner into profitable intercourse, by exchanging shells for twankay, Congreve rockets for souchong, or by tendering a kind of "how-quia mixture" of each at once, to give the traffic an appearance of more disinterestedness; and finally, honest John will no doubt propose to salve all wounds by forwarding a bale of bishops, learned in Aristophanes or Æschylus, to combat the god Fo, and put Confucius to confusion; in the end—for an end must come to all things—teaching the Celestial Empire the merits of a Bull-fight. John is the more eager in this holy work, as the King of the Great Wall is not, like France or Russia, sufficiently civilized to supply reciprocal entertainment.

Principle now does more for honest John than it ever did before, but John never did less for principle; never was liberty worse estimated, yet liberty was never more enjoyed—so honest John makes no noise about it, but sells his franchise to the highest bidder. Turn to John's moral condition—never were the externals of virtue better lacquered, even the harlot reddens now at an uncovered bosom—never was religion upon so many lips, while the heart is far from it—never were outrageous examples of turpitude less frequent; but then knavery has become more diffused, every one having an addition to his former little stock of that which the scapegoats once carried off upon their own shoulders. Thus, "constant at church and 'Change," honest John thinks, while at the former place, how neighbour Wilkins' bill came back on the Saturday, or how he shall arrange on settling day; at the other, how prices can be kept up,—both meeting at the same point—that's piety! "We got it sharply from the rector, Mr. Rivulet," said the squire to the curate, as they were walking from church together. "We got it because I carried my corn last Sunday."—"Yes," replied the curate, who had an eye to partridge shooting at the squire's the next morning, "the rector is a little evangelical—given to methodism, you know—it can't be helped."—"That may be true, Mr. Rivulet," rejoins the squire, "but I shall secure my corn from the rain again."—"You are right," says the curate, "because it is a matter of necessity; it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-day, to take out an ox fallen into a pit, according to the Scriptures—and if an animal, why not save the corn, upon which, as well as oxen, man is sustained."—"I am glad you agree with me," rejoined the squire, "as a sensible man would do; the rector has set the farmers against him—

that is not prudent, Mr. Rivulet."—"Certainly not," said Mr. Rivulet. There was famous partridge shooting the next day;—this is religion again!

Honest John, who used to be stubborn, is now become pliant as India rubber,—a grace one of the most prominent in John's gentility. He has strong notions of a double character in Christianity as well as justice; he has laws for rich and poor, and religions too. He sets up two regions of bliss; the upper for people of wealth, the lower for those of whom we were once told on good authority is the Kingdom of Heaven, and who have most need of it, considering how the arrows of suffering pierce into their souls. A very well dressed servant girl mistook a pew in church for her place, and entered it; "I will come to church no more," said a lady who had her sitting in the same pew, to the clerk, "if such *creatures* are allowed to sit in the same seat by me."—"She won't sit by you again here, madam," said the simple clerk, "nor any where else; *she* is a religious girl, ma'am."

Honest John has given up following the plough tail—varnishing and japanning have superseded his old farm labours in Gloucestershire—all with him wears a false colour—seeming goes for reality,—sincerity is but self-interest—gain is dignity, poverty meanness—gilded ignorance is the clay calf of John's worship—his learning goes not beyond multiplication—his heroes are Rothschilds and Rundles, not Washingtons nor Hampdens—his artists are not the Raphaels nor Rubens of the past, but the Dutchmen who paint low scenes to his comprehension. So of mental qualities; the grand and chivalric are with him the adjuncts of by-gone glories—roast beef, of all John's epic ideas, retains its old place.

As honest John diverges from his former path, he becomes more serious of face; his tragedy is off the stage, for which reason he can only relish buffoonery upon it. Care bearing the dagger and bowl before him, he hugs the grim phantom of his melo-dramatic existence. Gloom is upon his best moments, relaxing not at success; for, if he has gained ten thousand pounds to-day, he is only more sleepless that to-morrow may come to double it. The lust of gain sucks up the joy of his heart like a sponge—a little money is akin to poverty, and poverty is baseness—the furrows of anxiety grave deeply in his brow—he rarely smiles from the heart—he is a polygamist, wedding exchanges and counting houses numerous as Solomon's wives—yet mark how he walks the city, lugubrious as an undertaker on duty, his polygamy bringing its own punishment. Walk down Cheapside, regard his humanity there, and along the larger thoroughfares; what is the nominative case to his verb—gain—gain without stint—gain to the last heave of expiring nature. "What do you do now with your spare cash?" said a late city alderman, when he was dying, to a friend who approached his bed to hear any other than the low accents that thus quivered upon the purple lip fading into the hue of the grave.

John's cachinnation is symptomatic—a mere instinctive reply, nine times out of ten, to some word that merely vibrated on the tympanum of the ear. Is he a drinker of wine? his inebriety, as old Froissart says, is produced "very sorrowfully." When he unbends over his table for a moment, his relaxation is a forced sleep over apoplectic

port. Even his legislation is narrow, intricate, and partial. He has enactments for putting down barrel organs, and making sad the face of infancy, by keeping Punch and Judy *in terrorem*. Singing merry ballads is blasphemy, and a Sunday walk a heinous sin, among, it is to be feared, many secret sinners,—even the playfulness of children is rebuked in the surliness of their sires;—all are changes in the character of honest John—and what has wrought them? Can it be the spirit of gain, that absorbs all his faculties, and makes the being who is devoted to it soul and body, although surrounded by the glitter of wealth, an animal rather than a man?

But is this too hard upon honest John? The cautery is often useful where the knife fails. We are speaking of the spirit abroad, not of any individual;—we must draw up another bucket or two of truth from the immortal unfailing well that has so often been the saving of nations! Riches are the noblest motive of human action—this is John's great lesson in life. Scarcely is the down upon his cheek, but he is initiated in the morals and practices deducible from this law; his code of morals, his mode of thinking, his line of judgment, and his hope of heaven, must all come within the prescribed circle.

In his political views, with two thirds of his income devoted to paying the interest of his enormous debt, he talks complacently of his resources being inexhaustible, in utter ignorance that he would predicate mischief to the individual so circumstanced, and advise him to apply to the Court of Insolvency. John's virtues are his gold scrapings. "I am better than you, or any other not worth twenty thousand pounds; I have grubbed it together—no matter how—it is a tangible good." So Judas, in Quevedo, pleads his merit for selling his master, because of the good that ensued from the base action. It is true, some of the economists tell us it ought to be so—that the mass of the people were born to no purpose, and it is politic they should have no better rule of life, because others profit by their suffering. Hence arise heart-burnings and dislocations in society—the poor set against the rich, the rich against the poor; had John set the like store upon virtue, wisdom, and lofty feeling, burying his scorn of honest poverty in his own bosom, discontent had been less rife, than when the poor are taught there is only one thing in the world worthy of their possession, and *that* they can never hope to attain. Now, to be without virtue, honour, or religion, will answer very well if we are not without riches—an inference showing its effect every hour. A narcotic tranquillity is just now over John's eyelids, he reposes in his arm chair in all the stillness of stagnation; beneath him the dangerous quag may be forming,—John dozes in half-revealed phantasies of new sources of wealth—of more gold heaps. He wears his ignorance for armour, turns his head and snores again. He has forgotten the dangers threatening the "baseless fabric" which he rears upon visions of political danger; now, while the fatuitous Chartist momentarily disturbs his after-dinner nap, he "swears a prayer or two and sleeps again." Are the banks safe?—are the funds up?—are the taxes paying? The affirmative reply securing, he imagines, his own present safety, he goes off again to dreams of more wealth, that leave him no time to dream of danger.

Honest John's conduct being unexceptionable under his own code,

why should he square his moralities by any court of conscience but his own? So of intellect; John is condescending enough to estimate a Newton as something above a chandler who turns forty shillings a week, but very far beneath a substantial stock-broker. What to John are the merits of him who passes the flaming bounds of time and space?—what to him are the orbs that roll along the skies, the harmony of heaven? what are the trackless paths of comets in the belt of innumerable stellar glories?—what the heavenly balances to the balances in 'Change Alley, to those of exchequer bills and bank securities, well enough in trade it is true—but what are they to the higher destinies of humanity—to greatness of purpose—to true glory in this life or the hope of immortality? John answers, in thought and deed—“Every thing!” He has sensorial space enough to comprehend the one, in his view the more shining and sterling. He sticks to the merely animal—he battens on his sensualities—he spurns cloudland fancies—he has no curiosity to know how he is formed—to pry into the mysteries of creation—to mark the revolution of worlds,—science and poverty may concern themselves about those matters. His right ascension and declination relate not to solar movements, but to joint stock shares. The ocean conveys to him no idea of space or quality, but merely the image of a medium for more convenient huckstering, unless when he endures the *ennui*, because others do so, of visiting some sea-side town, when his eyes roll listlessly over the vast expanse in his efforts to kill time till his dinner-hour, flattening the end of his snub nose against the window-glass all the time, and pronouncing the Thames nothing to it in water, but how much before it in wealth!

John is charitable—he is most forgiving to the failings of social humanity in high places,—never did his religion wink her eyes so frequently at what it is indiscreet for her to behold. A good name being valuable, never did honest John take such pains to obtain one surreptitiously. Ignorance has the happiness of freeing its owner from all apprehension of consequences, so John keeps up, amidst all, the plump round “unmeaning face” that so comports with merely animal bliss, under no rule but policy. Honest John can never be persuaded to do right without regard to consequences, if more be attainable by the law of power; yet no one talks so much of justice, however “lop-sided,” when he is concerned, while he extols his impartial dealings, his theme for laudation before all other themes, except himself, his motto being—

“Je vais chanter un homme, et cet homme c'est moi.”

Thus, out of his shop honest John's mental feebleness is almost a disease. He is credulous where infantine comprehension would not be deceived. He has no value for high intellect; his greatest men are often the heroes of a newspaper paragraph; literature and science are to him superfluities; he is blind to all merit beyond his own calibre, as a young owl, nurtured by an eagle, would despise the soaring mother that basked in meridian glory, and hanker after rotten trees, shattered barns, and midnight darkness. After John's opinion, the sovereignty of his primeval cause will be eternal,—the sordid propensities of human life will continue to be its most exalted humanities.

Voracious for gain as John may be, tempt him to risk all he possesses for the chance of more, and no gudgeon will bite more readily. He will send the fruits of his toil to fructify, or his children to fight in any cause, country, or clime, for the mere hope of gain. Thus he will waste countless sums that might have yielded moderate interest at home, and have employed thousands in labour. He will thus pay dear for his whistle, soon forget it, and be ready to go out and buy another to-morrow with the same vain hope, and the same chance of loss as in the former case.

John has dressed up a household god of his own, Ostentation—no Mussulman is more steady in his genuflexions before his Prophet than John Bull before this contemptible idol. He and his family at their devotions to the tinsel doll recal forcibly the child's exclamation on seeing a flock of geese, "Mama, how beautiful we should all be in peacock's feathers!" John is a staunch aristocrat,—he loves titles. Of two men without fortunes, one a knave with a title, the other an honest man without,—John would, knowingly, give his money and daughter to the knave. He performs the *kou tou* to every rag of real or affected dignity, and then smokes his evening pipe and talks of lofty feelings, of independence, liberty, and private right, and of the majesty of the people, with which he has no one definite idea, no feeling in community.

Honest John estimates custom highly, but has never been able to exercise the gift of right reason; he follows his neighbour as his neighbour follows some other whom he makes his guide; so John and his family go in a string—Dumplings of the Golden Goose, sticking one behind another. There is nothing like this mechanical existence, because it saves the heart from troubles, sympathies, and the pains of reflection. The generous impulses—the kindly humanities of life—may be thus spared, and the time they would occupy be directed to benefit self. To creation's beauty, to all that irradiates this vale of tears, to what cheers the spirit with immortal foretastes, John is strange, plodding along his animal track "with leaden eye that loves the ground." True, he talks of civilization, and exhibits its progress by scrambling for threescore years and ten in one poor pursuit, the knaves always uppermost upon their honest neighbours' backs. Tottering at the verge of the grave, John still looks to leaving behind him a larger amount of the root of all evil than his betters, and his wish unsatiated he toples in among his kindred dirt.

John answers the statesman's view as an instrument for self-aggrandisement—he loves taxes and a heavy debt, that enables him, as he fancies, to get interest for his spare cash, insensible that he pays the interest himself. John grumbles only when he has nothing to do. Often he is dazzled by some state empiric blowing him a bubble at the end of a clay pipe, the bubble's gaudy colours reflecting fleets, armies, the pawing of the cavalry, and the flutter of the standard. As children love a penny peep, so John is charmed, and pays his "pretty penny" for the show—but lo! the rainbow-hued bubble bursts, and all is thin air! the costly clay that created the magic orb alone remaining, in the shape of a legacy securing upon him the curses of his posterity. John dreams only that he has had his money's worth—he has answered, too,

the political end, and goes on to make money as usual, and to be amused with wars and glory in little, to be paid for in great.

John Bull's reading rejoices in heroes of dubious renown, and he gives his sympathies to the Arams and Abershaws of the Story-teller. Different of old—Turpin now supplants Sidney and Russell with him; and the Newgate Calendar, the Book of Martyrs. So honest John prefers buffoonery to Tragedy,—the clown beats Shakspeare hollow, and the jester's heel wounds the prostrate Melpomene. John affects a love of music, because it requires no learning; he comprehends all of it he desires by the "porches of his ears." The trade sell few Miltons or Drydens now. Pope sleeps on the shelf, and Goldsmith is deserted, with his "Deserted Village." Hume lies on hand, novels serving John in place of history, called "historical," better named "hysterical." With science, John has no concern; he looks to the produce of the spindles, and cares not how the power is made that turns them: he regards the outward man alone. There lolls one in an equipage, of which a nobleman would be proud, poking his stupid and vacant face from the window, most condescendingly.—"Who is he?"—John stares and adores this ideal of all that is great and good—it is a fellow who makes blacking! There dwells one of rags, a costermonger, employed six days in the week, who struts in the finest broadcloth out of his attic on Sunday; his hands, well washed, but still ingrained with dirt, are thrust into kid gloves,—his wife in satin, the absentee from the washing-tub,—neither can read nor write. John loves the pride that licks the dust six days in the week to make a display on the seventh. In that long line of street, *couchant* among his wares, John practises a thousand arts on public credulity to get them off his hands by alluring purchasers—large handbills announce the falsehood that he is making ruinous sacrifices—selling at a loss—offering wrecked goods or bankrupt stock, and so on. In another splendid thoroughfare are shut-up shops connected with those who exhibit conduct John would once have severely reprobated as an honest tradesman. Squafid miseries stand pale spectres at the corners of the streets; John passes by, and cannot comprehend how people can degrade themselves by poverty, prosperity being his notion of virtue. John flings down his penny, and bids them work, as he does. Poor they are, but worse than the icy talons of poverty in their hearts is that reproach—they cannot realise even the Almighty's curse upon their heads—they cannot earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, for labour is banned to them—there is none to be had. The Indian roams free, and hunts down the game God has given him for subsistence—the Polar savage breaks the ice and pulls forth the reeking seal, eats, and reposes—the inhabitant of Torrid climes rests half the day in the shade of the tree from which nature gives him food—the Arab finds his date-tree in the desert, and his bed in the warm sand;—but, amid high civilization, man is doomed to pine of hunger, or embrace that which is very little better, for no fault of his own; he must now exchange all liberty for a stinted pittance to meet the last call of self-preservation. John cannot conceive how such a state of things can be—he does not inquire—his home is comfortable—his table is replenished—his pursuits are profitable; so he thinks that enough for

him to concern himself about. He teaches his children his own idolatries, and he envelopes himself in the complacent reflections, that, thank God, he is rich, whoever is poor; that the sun of heaven shines upon nothing more worthy of pursuit than wealth, and that other people may take care of themselves.

"Hard words!" cries the reader,—“a portrait of John Bull prompted by envy or spleen—no virtues bestowed upon honest John!” Our virtues are seldom written in water if we ourselves can help it—their enumeration never chastens us—John Bull flatters himself enough;—to recall his faults may not please, but may arouse some step towards their amendment.

LIFE IS A DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

(*Continued from page 410.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Tower.*

Clarín. I'm here, it seems, in an enchanted tow'r.
 If they would kill me thus for what I know,
 What will they do for that which I know not.
 That I a man with such a hungry tooth
 Should die a living death? I can't refrain
 From pitying myself, for all will say,—
 As I believe, and 'tis most credible—
 That such a silence can but ill accord
 With such a name as Clarín.* I *must* speak.
 To say the truth, my only comrades here
 Are mice and spiders—most sweet linnets those!
 Still my poor head is ringing with the dreams
 Of this eventful night; 'tis full of fancies,
 Of shawms and trumpets, crosses and processions;
 Of penitents, some rising, others sinking,
 While some were frightened, gazing on the blood
 The others shed. I, to confess the truth,
 Am only frightened having nought to eat.
 For here within this prison I find myself
 Where all day long I must peruse the works
 Of Nicomedes the philosopher,
 Studying through the night the Nicene Council.†

* The old joke on “trumpet.”

† These jokes of Clarín are darker than his own tower. From the German version of Griess, I suspect that some pun is intended by the words “Nicomedes,” and “Niceno,” the former perhaps meaning “eat-nothing,” and the latter “no supper.” Any hint from a Spanish scholar will be thankfully received.—J. O.

If silence, as in a new almanac,
Be now a saint, Saint Secret is my patron,
For without respite do I fast for him.
Yet have I well deserved this punishment,
For having kept my silence, when a servant—
There could not be a greater sacrilege.
(*The sound of drums and trumpets—voices heard
behind the scenes.*)

1st Soldier. He's in this tow'r! Come here—break down the door,
And enter all of you—

Clarín. They're seeking me,
That's clear enough; they say that I am here.
What would they have with me?

1st Soldier. Come, enter all.

Enter Soldiers.

2nd Soldier. Yes, here he is.

Clarín. No, he is not.

All. My lord!

Clarín (aside). Surely, they all are drunk.

1st Soldier. Thou art our prince,
We will admit none but our native lord;
We'll have no foreign ruler. Let us, pray,
Salute thy feet.

All. Long live our mighty Prince!

Clarín (aside). Faith, they're in earnest. Is't the custom here
Daily to pick out some one for a Prince,
And then to clap him in the tow'r? It must be—
For ev'ry day I see it; and at best
I, too, must play my part.

All. Give us thy feet.

Clarín. I cannot, as I want them for myself.
A footless Prince would be a sorry wight.

Two Soldiers. We all have told thy father, we will own
None for our Prince but thee; we will not have
The Muscovite.

Clarín. What! had you for my father
No more respect? I see you're, one and all,
A scurvy crew.

1st Soldier. It was our loyalty.

Clarín. Nay, if 'twas loyalty, I pardon you.

2nd Soldier. Come, hasten with us to regain thy realm.
Long live great Sigismund!

All. Long live our Prince!

Clarín (aside). They call me Sigismund. Aye, true, I see
That is the name they have for their mock princes.*

Enter SIGISMUND.

Sigismund. Who calls on Sigismund?

Clarín (aside). There goes my Princehood.

1st Soldier. Who, then, is Sigismund?

Sigismund. I am.

2nd Soldier. Then why,
Audacious fool, didst thou pretend to be
Prince Sigismund?

Clarín. I Sigismund? Not I.
'Twas only you that *Sigismundized*† me;
Hence the audacious folly is your own.

1st Soldier. Great Sigismund, the standards that we bear
Are thine; our faith proclaims thee as our lord.
Thy father, great Basilio, being fearful
The heavens may fulfil a prophecy,
Which says, that he will at thy feet be bowed,
A conquer'd man, attempts to take from thee
Thy lawful rights, and give them to Astolfo,
The Duke of Muscovy. To gain this end,
His court he summoned; but the people knowing
They have a natural monarch, will not suffer
A stranger to reign o'er them; and despising,
With noble feeling, all the threats of fate,
Have sought thee here, where thou art prisoner.
They hope that thou, assisted by their arms,
Leaving thy dungeon, and thy crown regaining,
Will free them from a tyrant. Come, then, Prince!
For in this desert is a num'rous band
Of outlaws and plebeians, who invite thee.
Liberty waits thee, hear her accents there!

Voices (behind the scenes). Long live great Sigismund!

Sigismund. A second time?
What can this mean, ye heavens? Do ye wish
That I should dream again of majesty,
And time once more dispel it? Do ye wish
That I among illusions and mere shadows
Should see my glories scattered by the winds?
Again shall I be undeceived, again
Incur that peril to which human pow'r

* There is some humour in this notion of Clarín's, who has seen the rise and fall of Sigismund, and who thinks he, in his turn, may be a prince for a day. The situation altogether is comic; but the joke of "wanting his feet for himself," is dreadfully poor.—J. O.

† *Segismundesteis*.—J. O.

Is subject at its birth and fears through life ?
 It must not be—Oh, no—it must not be !
 See, I am once more subject to my fate.
 But as I know that life is but a dream,
 Hence, empty shadows, who would fain persuade
 My deadened senses you have voice and body,
 Although no real form and voice are yours.
 I wish not this feigned majesty—I wish not
 Fantastic pomps, and vain illusive shows,
 Which vanish at the lightest breath of air.
 Thus is it with the almond tree—too soon,
 Too unadvisedly,* it bears its flow'rs,
 Which fade with the least breeze, and thus despoil
 Its rosy locks of light and ornament.
 I know ye well,—Oh, yes—I know ye well,
 And that ye fare the same with every dreamer.
 For me there's no illusion ; undeceived,
 Too well I know that life is but a dream.

2nd Soldier. Nay, if thou think'st that we deceive thee, look
 On this proud mountain—mark the people there,
 Who long but to obey thee.

Sigismund. Once before
 That very sight I saw, and as distinctly
 As now I see it—— and it was a dream.

2nd Soldier. Omens, my lord, have ever gone before
 Mighty events ; and if such were thy dream,
 It was an omen.

Sigismund. Thou art right ; it was.
 And if 'twere real, yet is life but short,
 And so we'll dream, my soul, a second time ;
 Yet with due caution, and reflecting well,
 That we must waken from our highest joy.
 Having this knowledge, we shall feel less grief
 When we are undeceived ; we mock our ills
 If we anticipate them. Knowing, too,
 That if our pow'r is a reality,
 It is but lent, and must return anon
 Unto its master, we may venture all.
 Subjects, I thank you for your loyalty ;
 You have in me a bold and skilful leader,
 To free you from this foreign servitude.
 Sound, then, to arms ! My valour you shall see.
 I will attack my father, and to prove
 The truth of heaven, bring him to my feet.
 (*Aside.*) Yet should I wake—methinks it would be better
 Not to speak thus, if I do nought at last.

* This personification is in the original :

“ Sin aviso y sin consejo.”

All. Long live great Sigismund !

Enter CLOTALDO.

Clotaldo. What noise is this ?

Sigismund. Clotaldo !

Clotaldo. What ! my lord—I now shall feel
The weight of all his anger.

Clarin (aside). I would lay
That Sigismund will pitch him from the mountain. [*Exit.*

Clotaldo. I humbly kneel before thy royal feet,
And know I have to die.

Sigismund. Arise, good father,
For thou must be my north star and my guide,
To whom I trust my fortunes. Well I know
That all my education was the fruit
Of thy great loyalty. Embrace me.

Clotaldo. How ?

Sigismund. I know I'm dreaming, and I would act justly.
Good deeds will not be lost, although in dreams.

Clotaldo. My lord, if doing well be thy high boast,
It is most certain I shall not offend
When asking the same glory for myself.
Art marching now against thy noble sire ?
I cannot counsel thee against my king,
Nor aid in any way ; but still I lie
Before thy feet, and ask for death.

Sigismund. Ingrate,
Traitorous wretch !—(*Aside.*) No, I must curb myself ;
I know not if I am awake—Clotaldo,
I envy and acknowledge thy high worth.
Go ! serve thy king—we'll see thee in the field,—
And you, there, sound to arms !

Clotaldo. A thousand times
I kiss thy feet. [*Exit.*

Sigismund. Thus, fortune, we march on
To empire. Do not wake me if I dream ;
But let me keep awake if it be truth.
And whether all be truth or a mere dream,
I must act justly ;—if all be a truth
Because 'tis true,—and if it be a dream,
To secure friends against the time I wake.
[*Exeunt, drums beating.*

SCENE II.—*Chamber in the Royal Palace.*

Enter KING BASILIO and ASTOLFO.

Basilio. Astolfo, who can check an unreined steed ?

Who can arrest the current of a stream,
That fiercely hurries downwards to the sea?
And who—however valiant—can sustain
The fragment that is starting from the rock?
It is far easier to restrain all these,
Than the proud fury of a reckless mob.
This may the noise of faction tell us now,
Amid the mountains we may hear the echo,
Now naming Astolf, and now Sigismund.
The throne, secured by oath, is now exposed,
To new designs, and new atrocities,
Being a gloomy theatre, where dark fate
Enacts strange tragedies.

Astolfo. My liege, the joy,
The honour, and the host of flatt'ring pleasures,
Which you have promised me, must cease to-day.
If Poland—over which I wish to reign—
Resists my rule, then I must earn obedience.
Give me a steed, a proud and lusty steed,
To dart like lightning and proclaim the thunder. [*Exit.*]

Basilio. Vain is it to oppose resistless fate,
And foresight often is most perilous.
We cannot ward off that which is to be,
And oft the more we care, it strikes the surer.
'Tis a harsh law, a frightful destiny,
That he who thinks to fly his danger, meets it.
By that which I considered my sole guard,
I have destroyed my country and myself.

Enter ESTRELLA.

Estrella. If, mighty king, thy presence cannot curb
This tumult which has spread from throng to throng,
Distributed among the streets and squares,
You soon will see your kingdom swim in waves
Of scarlet, dyed with its own purple blood.
Now all is horror, and deep tragedy.
So fearful is the ruin of thy kingdom,
So great the force of stern and cruel hate,
The sight strikes wonder, and the sound o'erpow'rs.
The sun grows pale, the wind sounds fearfully.
Now every stone raises a pyramid,
And every flower constructs a monument,
And every mansion is a sepulchre,
And every soldier is a living corpse.*

Enter CLOTALDO.

Clotaldo. Thank heav'n, that I have reached thy feet alive.

* This is a nice bit of Spanish bombast; very forced, but, nevertheless, effective.—J. O.

Basilio. Clotaldo, how goes it with Sigismund?

Clotaldo. The mob, a monster ever blind and rash,
Entered the tow'r, and from its dungeon deep,
Rescued the Prince, who when he saw his honour
Once more restored, behaved most valiantly,
And proudly swore to show the truth of heav'n.

Basilio. Give me a horse, that I may go in person,
And boldly conquer an ungrateful son.
Perchance for the protection of my crown,
Steel may avail, though science has but failed. [Exit.

Estrella. And I will be Bellona, near the sun,
Hoping my name shall with his own endure.
Yes I will soar upon my outstretched wings,
And vie with mighty Pallas in the field.

[Exit, drums sounding.

ROSAURA enters, and detains CLOTALDO.

Rosaura. Although the valour dwelling in thy breast
Calls thee to battle, prithee list to me,
For well I know, that all is warfare here.
You are aware, unfortunate and poor
I came to Poland, when thou gavest me
Thy pity and protection; warning me,—
Oh Heav'ns,—that I should keep myself disguised
While in the palace, and should ever seek,
Hiding my jealousy, to shun Astolfo.
At last he saw me, and so lightly treats
My honour, as to meet the fair Estrella
In yonder garden—mark me, *though he saw me.*
I have the key,—that garden may'st thou enter,
And terminate my anguish, showing there
Thy courage, and restoring my lost honour.
I tell thee this, knowing thou art resolved
To avenge my honour by Astolfo's death.

Clotaldo. 'Tis true, from the first moment that I saw thee,
That I resolved, Rosaura, to do all
For thee, that life allowed.—Thy tears were witness.
My first design was, that thou should'st remove
That strange attire, that if perchance Astolfo
Should see thee, thou wouldst wear thy proper dress,
And he would not mistake thy rash attempt
For levity, that tarnishes high honour.
During this time, I sought for some device
Thine honour to restore—and this so much
Weighed on my heart, that with Astolfo's death
I had restored it willingly. I said,
“How vain this weakness—he is not my king,
And therefore have I nought to fear from him.”

I had resolved upon his death, when mark,
Prince Sigismund sought mine ; then he appeared,
And in contempt of danger, showed such signs
Of his good-will for me, as were pure rashness,—
It would not be enough to call them valiant.
Now then am I—having a grateful heart—
To inflict death on him that gave me life ?
My truth and my affection so divide me,—
Seeing the gift* that I bestowed on thee
Is the same gift that I received from him,
That I cannot resolve which part to take.
For if by giving I am bound to thee,
Still by receiving I am bound to him.
Nought at this juncture satisfies my love,
Being both one that does, and one that suffers.†

Rosaura. I need not say, that to a gallant soul,
Giving is noble, and receiving base.
Granting this premise, thou need'st not be grateful
If he gave life to thee, and thou to me.
'Tis evident he forced thy noble nature
To do an act ignoble, while 'twas I
Who caused thee to perform a gen'rous deed :
Therefore thou art offended by the Duke,
And therefore also art thou bound to me,
Giving to me what thou receivest from him.
'Tis, then, thy duty to assist my honour,
Seeing my claim stands higher than Astolfo's,
As far as giving stands above receiving.

Clotaldo. Although 'tis true, nobility belongs
To him that gives, yet gratitude is due
From him that has received. If I have gained
A name for generosity by giving,
Grant me besides a name for gratitude ;
For being liberal and grateful too,
I can attain it ; giving and receiving
Are honourable both.

Rosaura. Thou gavedst me
My life ; and when thou gavedst it, thou saidst
A life defiled by insult was no life :‡
It follows thou hast given nought to me,
Seeing the life thou gavedst was no life.
Dost thou prefer, then, generosity
To gratitude,—as I have heard thee say—

* That is—life.—J. O.

† This speech is in the very worst spirit of the Spanish drama ; a piece of tedious, wire-drawn casuistry, unenlivened by a spark of poetry. It is, however, exceeded by the sad stuff which Rosaura answers, and which is against every moral principle.—J. O.

‡ Towards the end of Act I.—J. O.

I still may hope that thou wilt give me life,
Which yet thou hast not given. Since the act
Of giving most ennobles, first be gen'rous,
And afterwards be grateful.

Clotaldo.

Thou hast conquered
By argument, I will be gen'rous first,
For all my fortune will I give to thee :
But thou must in a convent live, Rosaura.
The path I offer thee, is well devised,
For thou wilt shun a crime, and find a refuge
Within a sanctuary. While this realm
Smarts with its woes, I, being nobly born,
Must not increase the great calamity ;
But by the remedy which I propose,
I shall be loyal to the realm : to thee
I shall be gen'rous, to Astolfo grateful.
Take, then, the path which is so fit for thee,
Avoiding two extremes. Were I thy sire,
I could do nothing more.

Rosaura.

Wert thou my sire,
I would endure this insult ; as thou art not,
I will not bear it.

Clotaldo.

What, then, wilt thou do ?

Rosaura.

I'll kill the Duke, myself !

Clotaldo.

What, thou ? A woman
Who has not known her father—and so valiant ?

Rosaura.

Yes.

Clotaldo.

Who incites thee ?

Rosaura.

None, but mine own honour.

Clotaldo.

But in Astolfo thou must see—

Rosaura.

All that
My honour sets at nought.

Clotaldo.

Thy lawful king,
Estrella's husband.

Rosaura.

That he ne'er shall be.

Clotaldo.

'Tis madness !

Rosaura.

That I see.

Clotaldo.

Then conquer it.

Rosaura.

I cannot.

Clotaldo.

Then thou wilt destroy—

Rosaura.

I know it.

Clotaldo.

Honour and life.

Rosaura.

I think so.

- Clotaldo.* And thine aim — ?
Rosaura. Is mine own death.
Clotaldo. Nay, this is but despair.
Rosaura. 'Tis honour.
Clotaldo. It is folly.
Rosaura. It is valour.
Clotaldo. It is mere frenzy.
Rosaura. It is fury—rage !
Clotaldo. Are there no means for thy blind passion ?
Rosaura. No.
Clotaldo. Who will assist thee ?
Rosaura. I can aid myself.
Clotaldo. Is there no remedy ?
Rosaura. None.
Clotaldo. Only think ;
There may be other means.
Rosaura. Then there would be
Another way to seek mine own destruction. [*Exit.*]
Clotaldo. If then, indeed, thou must destroy thyself—,
Await me,—we will perish both, my child. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Mountains and Wood. Drums sound.*

Enter CLARIN and Soldiers—then SIGISMUND dressed in skins.

- Sigismund.* If in the triumphs of her early youth,
Rome had thus seen me—what had been her joy,
Finding so rare an opportunity
Of having a young savage to command
The mighty hosts ;—one to whose high intent
The firmament appears a trivial conquest.
But no—we must restrain our flight, my soul :
We will not strive for such uncertain fame ;
If I am to be grieved when I awake,
To find that I have only gained to lose.
The less I gain, the lighter is the loss.

(*A trumpet sounds.*)

- Clarín.* On a swift horse—(pardon me, if I paint it)—
Which is in fact a map of the whole world.
The earth its body, and the fire, its soul,
Which in its heart it holds ; the sea its foam,
The air its breath ; it is a perfect chaos,
Being with body, soul, and form and health,
A monster of earth, ocean, fire and air.
Its colour varied, gray, and gaily spotted,

And when 'tis spurred, it does not run, but flies—
Upon this horse, a lovely woman comes
To thy high presence.*

Sigismund. The light dazzles me.

Clarín. It is Rosaura!

[*Exit.*

Sigismund. Ay, restored by heav'n.

Enter ROSAURA, with a jacket,† sword and dagger.

Rosaura. Great Sigismund, whose noble majesty
Arises from the night that shadowed it,
Into the glorious daylight of his deeds.
As the great planet in Aurora's arms,
Returns in radiance to the plants and flowers,
And rising on the mountains and the seas,
Decked in his diadem, diffuses light,
Edging the waves, and bathing the high summits,
Thus, sun of Poland, shine upon the earth,
Grant thy protection to the hapless woman
Who kneels before thee—as she is a woman,
And hapless also—two sufficient motives;
Nay, one of these would serve, and more than serve,
With one who glories in a hero's name.
Thrice hast thou seen me, thrice thou hast not known
My real nature, as each time I wore
A different form and dress. At first you thought me
A man, when you were in your prison bound,
And your hard fate gave much relief to mine.
The second time you saw me as a woman,
When your majestic pomp was but a dream,
A fantasy. Now the third time has come,
I am a monster formed of either sex,
Wearing a man's arms, and a woman's dress.
As thou wilt be more ready to assist me
If I awake thy pity, 'twill be well
For thee to know the hardships of my lot.
My mother was a lady at the court
Of Muscovy, who must have been most fair,
As she was most unfortunate; on her
A traitor cast his eyes, whose name I know not,
But well can judge his valour by my own.
Since while I am the copy of his soul,
I do not feel myself of such high birth
As to believe he was a deity;
Like him who as a swan, a show'r, a bull,
Appeared to Leda, Danae, Europa.

* Of course a strict construction must not be looked for in this rambling speech.
—J. O.

† "Vaquero." Griess calls it a mantle.—J. O.

While thinking I was length'ning my discourse
 By quoting these false histories, I find
 That in a few words I have told you all;
 How that my mother led by am'rous wiles,
 Was by her beauty equal to them all,
 And equal also in unhappiness.
 False vows of faith, and promises of marriage
 Attained so much, that memory e'en now
 Mourns over her fate; th' Æneas of his Troy,
 My father left her nothing but this sword,
 Which may at present stay within its sheath,
 Though I will bare it ere I end my tale.
 Of this imperfect, most unstable union—
 Whether 'twas crime or marriage is the same—
 I was the fruit, and was so like my mother,
 I was her portrait—not in beauty, no!
 But in my deeds and my unhappiness.
 I need not tell thee, how I was the heiress
 Of her own fate, and followed a like course;
 I only need repeat the name of him
 Who robbed me of the trophies of my honour;
 It was Astolfo,—Oh, at naming him,
 My heart beats high with anger,—showing thus
 An enemy is named.—It was Astolfo.
 Forgetful of his joys,—for love once past
 Is soon forgotten,—called from his high conquest,
 To wed Estrella he came here to Poland,—
 Estrella, my death-torch! Who would believe
 That as there was a star that joined two lovers,
 Another star* would now be found to part them?
 Deceived, insulted thus, I remained sad,
 Ay, maddened—dead—in short, I was *myself*,†
 By which I mean that all the rage of hell
 Was written in the Babel of my heart.
 Affecting dumbness—for there are some woes
 The feelings can tell better than the lips—
 I told my griefs in silence, till one day,
 My mother, Violante, burst the prison,
 And from my heart they crowding sallied forth.
 I did not fear to speak them; when we know
 That those to whom we own our faults have been
 Involved in like transgression, we expect
 The more forbearance; thus a bad example
 Will sometimes serve for good. My mother heard
 With pity my misfortune, and endeavoured
 To solace me with that she had endured.
 The judge that once has sinned is merciful.

* That is, "Estrella,"—the old pun.—J. O.

†
 Quedé triste, quedé lora,
 Quedé muerte, quedé yo.—J. O.

Being well tutored by her own misfortune,
 And being most averse to leave to time
 And opportunity her honour's cure,
 She would not let me loiter in my griefs,
 But counselled me that I should follow him,
 And should compel him, by all subtle arts,
 To pay my honour's debt. To gain this end
 More easily, my destiny* required
 That I should wear the garment of a man.
 An ancient sword she took—the one I wear,
 Which, as I promised, I will now unsheath—
 And in this token, trusting much, she said,
 "Hie thee to Poland; let it be thine aim
 That the most noble see the steel thou wearest.
 Perchance there may be one with whom thy fortunes
 May find a shelter, and thy griefs a cure!"
 To Poland then I came. I need not tell
 That which thou know'st already; so pass over
 How a wild horse first brought me to the cave,
 Where thou wert so astonished to behold me.
 Let us pass over how the good Clotaldo
 Took interest in my fate, and begged my life,
 Which the King granted him; how, when he knew
 My real sex, he told me to put on
 My proper dress, and wait upon Estrella,
 When I contrived to mar Astolfo's love,
 And checked his marriage by my stratagems.
 Let us pass over how you saw me here,
 And seeing me again in woman's garb,
 Confounded the two forms;† and come to this:
 That being convinced it is of high importance
 That Astolf and Estrella should be wedded,
 Clotaldo counsels me against my honour,
 Insisting that I shall resign my claim.
 Now seeing, O most valiant Sigismund,
 To whom belongs high vengeance, as the heavens
 Desire thou shouldst break through thy rustic prison,
 Where thou hast dwelt, in feelings but a brute,
 A rock in thine endurance;—that thou warrest
 Against thy country and thy sire;—I came
 To aid thee, giving to Diana's pomp
 The arms of Pallas, partly decked in silk,
 Partly in steel, combining both in one.
 See, gallant captain, it concerns us both
 To check these nuptials; I could not endure
 To see my husband wedded to another,

* "Fortuna." Probably she means her mother, who has been the acting power in the journey to Poland.

† This "let us pass over" (*pasemos*), and telling a long story all the time, looks very ridiculous. It has not the excuse of Puff's hero, of letting the audience into the secret, for every incident here referred to has taken place before their eyes—J. O.

And 'tis thine interest that they should not join
Their two estates, and thus, with power increased,
Render our conquest doubtful. As a woman
I came to ask from thee mine honour's cure,
And as a man I came to spur thee on
To gain thy kingdom. I came as a woman
To soften thee, and kneel, thus, at thy feet ;
A man, I came to serve thee with my sword.
Mind, then, that if thou lov'st me as a woman,
I'll kill thee, as a man, in the defence
Of mine own honour. I must be a woman
In urging on thee my complaints ; a man
In giving honour.

Sigismund (aside).

If 'tis truth I dream,
Arrest my mem'ry, Heaven ! it may not be
That a dream should contain so many things.
How can I wind through all, or think on none ?
Was ever doubt so painful ? If I dreamed
Of all that pomp, how can this woman tell
So much that I have seen ? 'Twas surely truth,
And not a dream ; and if, then, it was truth,
(Which makes the more confusion, not the less,)
How can my life regard it as a dream ?
So similar to dreams are all our glories,
That we regard the true as false, the feigned
As real ! Is there such slight difference
That we must doubt if all we see—enjoy—
Be false or true ? Is the original
So like the copy that we cannot tell
Which is indeed the copy ? If 'tis so
And we must see all pomp and majesty,
All pow'r and grandeur vanish in a dream,
Let us improve the moment in our grasp ;
In that alone we taste the joys of dreams.
My soul adores the beauty of Rosaura,
And she is in my pow'r,—I will enjoy
The present opportunity, and love
Shall break the laws of honour, trusting which
Now at my feet she lies. It is a dream,
And being such, let us now dream of bliss,
Which at some future time will turn to grief.—
Yet with these reasons I subdue myself.
If 'tis a dream, if all is but vain glory,
Who for mere human vanities would forfeit
Glory divine ? Past pleasures are but dreams.
Who ever knew the fortunes of a hero,
That has not said, when he has thought of them :
“ A dream was all I saw ? ”—If I am guarded
Against deceit, by knowing that our pleasures
Are but bright flames, which will to ashes turn,

At the first breath ; th' eternal will I seek,
Which is a lasting power, where happiness
And glory never sleep, and know no pause.
The honour of Rosaura now is lost.
And surely it must more become a prince
To give than to take honour ; then, by heav'ns,
I'll gain her honour, ere I gain my crown.
But let me fly from opportunity
Lest it should prove too tempting.—Sound to arms !
(*To Soldiers.*)

I must give battle ere the dusky night
Buries the golden rays in dark-green waves.

Rosaura. My Lord, so soon dost thou absent thyself ?
Does not my grief merit a single word ?
How is it thou wilt neither see nor hear me ?
Nay, that thou even hid'st thy face ?

Sigismund. *Rosaura,*
Honour demands that now I should be stern
If I would show true pity, and my voice
Gives thee no answer, leaving to my honour
The office of replying. I am silent,
Meaning that deeds shall speak for me,—not words.
I do not look on thee, 'tis the hard lot
Of him who would regard thy sacred honour,
That from thy beauty he must turn his eyes. [*Exit.*]

Rosaura. What are these riddles ? After so much grief
Must I be troubled with these dark replies ?

Enter CLARIN.

Clarín. May I approach, my lady ?

Rosaura. How ? Clarín ?

Clarín. Whence hast thou come ? Fast locked in yonder tow'r
I waited for my death, considering
Whether 'twould come or not.*

Rosaura. But why was this ?

Clarín. Because I knew thy real character.
Indeed, Clotaldo—(*drums heard*). Why, what noise was
that ?

* This is the substance of Clarín's speech, but not the speech itself, which turns on allusions to the game of *Quinola*. I give the speech, hoping that some one may know the game, and be able to construe it :—

En una torre encerrado
Brujuleando sui muerte,
Si me da, ó si no me da
Y a figura que me dièra,
Pasante quinola fuera
Mi vida, que estuve ya
Para dar un estallido.—J. O.

Rosaura. What can it be ?

Clarín. There sallies forth a troop
From yonder besieged palace, pressing on
To vanquish the proud force of Sigismund.

Rosaura. And I, a coward, am not by his side,
The wonder of the world ;—while law and order
Avail not against such ferocity. [Exit.

Voices within. Long live our king !

Other Voices. Long live our liberty !

Clarín. The king and liberty ! Ay, long live both !
I care not on which side they reckon me,
Because, retreating from this great confusion
I shall play Nero's part, who never cared
For any one. Or if I want to grieve
At something, it shall be about myself.
From this snug nook I can see all the sport,
'Tis strong and secret, guarded by the rocks.
Here death can't reach me, so a fig for death !
(Hides himself.)

(Drums, the sound of Arms.) Enter KING BASILIO, ASTOLFO and
CLOTALDO, as in flight.

Basilio. Unhappy monarch ! Persecuted father !

Clotaldo. Thy conquered army without order flies.

Astolfo. The traitors remain victors.

Basilio. In these conflicts
The victors are true men, the conquered, traitors.
Clotaldo, let us fly the cruelty,
The savage fury of my tyrant son.

(A shot is fired from behind the scenes, and CLARÍN falls
from the place of his concealment.)

Clarín. Oh heav'ns !

Astolfo. Who can this luckless soldier be,
Who, bathed in blood, has fallen at our feet ?

Clarín. I'm an unhappy wight, who sought my death,
Thinking to ward it off ; from death I fled,
And therefore met it, for there is no place
Which can conceal us from it. Well, this proves
That he who flies the blow is struck the first.
Return, return, then, to th' ensanguined field.
There is more safety among arms and fire
Than in the firmest rock ; there is no path
By which to shun the rigour of our fate.
Thus ye who would avoid your death by flight,

Know that you only hasten to your death,
If it be God's decree that you must die.

(Falls off the stage.)

Basilio. “Know that you only hasten to your death,
If it be God's decree that you must die.”
Ye heavens, how well our ignorance is led
To better knowledge by this hapless corpse,
Discoursing from its wound as from a mouth.
Yon fluid is its bleeding tongue, and tells
How vain is all the industry of man,
When he would struggle against higher pow'r.
Thus I, by labouring to save my country
From blood and tumult, have delivered it
Into those hands from which I sought to free it.

Clotaldo. Although, my liege, all paths are known to fate,
Although it finds us, even when we hide
In mountain-crevices, it is not Christian
To say there is no guard against its rage.
There is;—the prudent man can vanquish fate.
If from misfortune you have not been saved,
Exert yourself to shun it for the future.

Astolfo. Clotaldo warns thee as a prudent man,
Whose wisdom is matured; and I will speak
As a bold youth. Among the thickets here,
There is a horse, swift offspring of the wind!
Fly with him, while I cover thy retreat.

Basilio. If 'tis the will of God that I must die,
If death awaits me here—now let it find me,
For boldly will I meet it, face to face.

(The sound of arms.) Enter SIGISMUND, with all his band.

Soldier. Among th' entangled bushes on this hill,
The king conceals himself.

Sigismund. Pursue him, then.
Let not a tree be missed, but all with care,
Trunk after trunk, branch after branch, be searched.

Clotaldo. Oh, fly, my liege!

Basilio. Wherefore?

Astolfo. What is their aim?

Basilio. Astolfo, draw aside.

Clotaldo. What dost thou wish?

Basilio. To try the only remedy that's left.
If it is me thou seek'st *(to Sigismund)*, behold me now,
Thus kneeling at thy feet, to which I give
A carpet in the snow of these white hairs.

Tread on my neck, and trample on my crown,
And level my high honour with the dust.
Avenge thyself upon my dignity,
Make me thy slave, while after such precautions,
Fate gains its homage, Heav'n fulfils its vow.

Sigismund. Illustrious Court of Poland, having seen
So many marvels, pray attend to me,
It is your prince who now addresses you.
Heav'n's dictates, on an azure tablet writ
By God, who takes those boundless sheets of blue
Adorned with golden letters for his mandates,
Never deceive, and never can be false ;
He who misuses them, and would inquire
Their import,—he alone is the deceiver.
My father to escape my savage nature
Made me a brute,—a beast in human shape,
So that when, by my high nobility,
My royal blood, and by my natural gifts,
I was a gentle and obedient child,
This mode of education and of life
Alone sufficed to brutalize my mind.
'Twas a fine way, in truth, to check my course !
If we should tell a man some savage beast
Would kill him, do you think he would be wise
In waking one, whene'er he found it sleeping ?
If we should tell him that the sword he wore
Would cause his death, 'twould be a sorry mode
Of shunning it, to draw it from its sheath,
And point it at his breast. If we should say,
That in the water he would find a tomb—
A silver monument, he would do ill
To venture on the sea, when it was raising
Mountains of snow, and curling hills of crystal.
My father now has met with the same lot,
As he, who threaten'd with the beast, awakes him ;
As he, who draws the sword, at which he trembles ;
As he, who wakes the billows of the storm ;
For if my anger was a sleeping beast,
If my dread fury was a sword unsheathed,
And all my cruelty a peaceful calm,
Fate was not to be conquered with injustice
Or vengeance ;—these would but provoke it more.
Thus he who would overcome an evil fate,
Must act with prudence and with temperance.
It is not by foreseeing future ills
We can prevent them. With humility
We may protect ourselves, when they befall us,
But from befalling us, cannot stay them.
This spectacle may serve for an example—
This wondrous sight, this prodigy, this horror.

None can be greater than to see my father
 Thus kneeling at my feet,—a king thus humbled
 After so much precaution against fate.
 'Twas heaven's decree, however he would shun it,
 All proved, impossible. What, then, shall I
 Inferior in wisdom, valour, years,
 Be able to prevent it?—Here, my liege,
 Give me thy hand; now heaven at last has freed thee
 From the belief that thou couldst conquer it.
 My head awaits thy vengeance, and I fall
 Submissive at thy feet.

Basilio.

This act, my son,
 Again engenders thee within my heart.
 Thou art the prince,—the laurel and the palm
 Belong to thee, the victory is thine;
 Let thy deeds crown thee.

All.

Long live Sigismund.

Sigismund.

My valour hopes to gain high victories;
 To-day the conquest shall be o'er myself.
 Astolfo, give thy hand unto Rosaura,
 Thou know'st that to her honour it is due,
 And I must claim it.

Astolfo.

Though I must confess
 I am her debtor, 'tis an obstacle,
 She knows not who she is; for 'twould be base
 To wed a woman who——

Clotaldo.

Nay, prithee cease,
 Rosaura is as noble as thyself,
 My sword will in the field defend her cause.
 Enough, she is my daughter.

Astolfo.

What is this?

Clotaldo.

Before I saw her noble, honoured, wed,
 I would not own her. 'Tis a tedious tale,
 The sum of which is, that she is my child.

Astolfo.

If it be so, I will fulfil my word.

Sigismund.

And that Estrella having lost a prince
 Of such great power, may not be left to grieve,
 I offer her my hand, for my deserts,
 If not above Astolfo's, equal them;
 Give me thy hand.

Estrella.

I gain by such high fortune.

Sigismund.

As for Clotaldo, who so faithfully
 My father served, my arms are open to him,
 With such rewards as he may wish.

One of Sigismund's Band.

And I—

If thou rewardest those who serve thee not—
What wilt thou give to me?—I was the cause
Of all the tumult, freed thee from the tow'r.

Sigismund. The tow'r shall be thy gift. There strictly guarded
Shalt thou remain the period of thy life.
The treason passed, we do not need the traitor.

Basilio. All must admire thy wisdom.

Astolfo.

What a change!

Rosaura. How prudent and discreet!

Sigismund.

Why do ye wonder?

Is it that my preceptor was a dream?
And that I fear to wake and find myself
Again lock'd in my prison? If 'tis not so,
To dream it is enough. Thus have I learn'd
That human joy is transient as a dream;
And now I will improve it while it lasts,
Asking a pardon for so many faults,
As pardon is the gift of noble minds.

END OF LIFE IS A DREAM.

THE OLD WREKIN.

BY J. W. ALLEN.

Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
To let the world wag and take my ease in mine inne.

OLD EPIGRAM.

To take one's ease in one's inn, was an ancient proverb of our ancestors. And to this Falstaff alludes in the third Act of the First Part of Henry IV.: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but shall have my pocket picked?"

Again, Ben Jonson, in his comedy called "The New Inn, or The Light Heart," puts the following words into the mouth of *Good-stock*, the host:—

"And if I have got
A seat to sit at ease here, i' mine inn
To see the comedy; and laugh and chuck
At the variety and throng of humours
And dispositions that come justling in,
And out still, as they one drove hence another,
Why will you envy me my happiness?"

Which passage not only embraces the independent spirit which every one feels when at home, in his own house, and which has given rise to

the saying, "Every man's house is his castle;" but fully and most graphically describes the amusing variety of character and incident ever observable in that universal home, a Tavern—

"The busie man's recreation, and the
Idle man's businesse."

"There is no private house," said Dr. Johnson, "in which people can enjoy themselves, so well as at a capital Tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The Master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas at a Tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No Servants will attend you with half the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good Tavern. A Tavern chair is the throne of human felicity. As soon as I enter the door of a Tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude,—when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine then exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love—I dogmatise—and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinion and sentiment I find delight."

In the redoubtable Doctor's time, and for a century or two previous, Taverns were more generally sought by the literary characters and wits of their day than since that period; and whether society may be considered as improved, or otherwise, by the alteration of habits, I shall not for a moment dwell upon the fact as an argument,—my purport being merely a speculation arising from a meditation upon the old London Taverns, and a mental view of their *quondam* interiors. 'Tis pleasant even to visit the houses still bearing the signs which distinguished them in days past—to know that one is upon the ancient site of mirth, enjoyed by those whose generous wit and humour coined it for themselves, and bequeathed it to us.

The period which I have frequently thought was the ripest for that jovial tenor and exchange of cordiality, which constitutes a zest in life—a condiment to the monotonous ploddings of every day—was the time of the Restoration, and during the reign of the second Charles, when the contentions of Parliamentarians and Royalists no longer occupied the attention of the public, and the convulsions attendant upon civil warfare had subsided. It was then that theatricals, too, after having been dormant for some time, under the countenance of the Merry Monarch again flourished forth into repute: men met in the sunshine of revelry, and felt no longer the constraint of silence. Then

the poet, the dramatist, the wit, and the notable gallant alike shared the urbanity of the nobleman, when congregated at Locket's, The Wrekin, and other Taverns of note.

What would one not have given to have had but a peep into a room, containing some of the choice spirits of that day? to have breathed an atmosphere impregnated by their wit, the intoxicating quality of which would have been more formidable than their long draughts of claret? This very longing has given rise to the following imaginative scene in the Old Wrekin.

"I must say," said Sir Thomas Ogle, "that mine host has done the feast luxuriously; it therefore but ill becomes us to sculk from carrying out the noble purpose of his beginning. I hate your maiden stomachs that flutter at a glass of good stuff, and touch it with as gentle reverence as though it were a chalice; you engender no such scrupulous observances, my noble Jack Crowne," he added, (taking the hand of that personage into one of his own, and heartily clapping it with the other;) "though your worthy sire ever kept you looking down your nose."

"I faith, Sir Thomas," answered Crowne, "I have often anxiously watched for what might come next into my mouth, and henceforth, though thanks to your kindness and my Lord Rochester's, it is likely to be well attended to, should my masque prove agreeable in the eyes of her Majesty the Queen."

"As for that," replied Ogle, "success is as sure as that the lively linnet is coming to chirp amongst us." This remark was applied to Tom D'Urfey, who entered the room at this moment, amid a burst of salutations as warmly given as they were varied, and acknowledged them by a dextrous pirouette, whereby the courtesy of all was returned by one circular bow, finished by a graceful bend towards Sir William Davenant, in honour, as he observed, to the laurel.

"Tom, my little brilliant," roared Sir George Etheredge—"my pet star—your are sorely needed, our great man here is as stiff-mouthed to-night as old Hewson himself." This was intended for Davenant, who, after having been voted President, had been for some time in earnest talk with Betterton upon matters of business connected with the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, but who, upon hearing this remark, turned to the company, and said, "Your pardon, Gentlemen, for this abstraction. I'll venture my hardest to keep pace the rest of the night with you."

"Well said as meant," replied Etheredge; "but, my right excellent President, you were abroad,—and having been abroad, even tales of travel too marvellous for belief are better tuned for merry-makings than close whisperings and blind conjectures. Come, my man of foreign parts, our great Bard says—'to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.'"

"Ay, ay," said the Laureate, who received this bantering with his usual smile, "thou art right, Sir George, and allow me to add from the same source, 'I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and travel for it too.'" A laughing chorus followed this sally of the even-tempered President.

"To the game again, my Gentlemen," said D'Urfey, as soon as sufficient hearing was obtained,—“one—two—like rivet hammers;

smart work as it should be with experienced hands. Apollo had him there, I think. 'What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.' Try his god-ship again, Sir George."

"He strikes hard, Tom," answered Etheredge; "but look you, I enjoy a roll in the dust from the unerring touch of a veteran, rather than tilting at a dummy, and having the stupid game in my own favour."

"Essence of virtue," said D'Urfey, "thine honesty must contend with thy valour for precedence."

"Another bowl! why, Tapster, thy visage comes upon us like a spring morning. Now, let every gentleman behold the Lethe of his cares—if any so sadly attired be amongst us,—and I pray you keep the stream so ruffled, that set melancholy may be reflected a jolly Momus. Why, how now? my favoured son of Thespis,—thine eyes seem fixed upon the dry banks, instead of revelling in the sparkling fluid. Go to, Tom Betterton; what art thou apostrophizing? 'Every one can master a grief but he that has it:' what can I for you?"

"Nothing, my light heart," replied the Actor; "I was but digesting a thought from my master here,"—looking to Sir William Davenant.

"Nay," said the President, "if my communications be so crude, try D'Urfey's favourite mixture."

"Excellent medicine," says Tom, with a relishing smack; "I warrant it a perfect cure for indigestion, whether arising from moroseness, melancholy, mortification, or mono-mania." This specimen of alliteration was followed by a long deep groan from the whole of the company, which caused the Tapster's head to rise from behind the door-screen, crammed with curiosity.

"To the game again," said the imperturbable cause of this outcry, as soon as he could be heard,—“and now try a laugh by way of variation to that splendid chorus;” which act, his comic look and lively intonation of voice obliged them to perform to a man; and, moreover, prolengthened it by a mock gravity with which he alternately regarded every one.

"For mercy's sake, Tom," said Sir Charles Sedley, in broken gasps occasioned by his excessive laughter—"hold, for mercy's sake, or thy drollery will go too hard with me."

"God comfort thy capacity," replied D'Urfey, "thou tender blossom, thou fresh blown gallant—laughter cannot hurt thee; for though thou hast a prim mouth, and dost fashion it well for small delicacies, and oily sentiment—yet, to emit laughter, I'd wager its capaciousness with the diameter of the well in the cellar beneath us."—"Now, Tom Betterton," added he, "thou art thy wholesome self,—that Pipe is the last touch to thy Portrait.

"What a vagrant imagination is thine, D'Urfey," said Crowne, "from the well in the cellar to the pipe in Betterton's mouth."

"You see," said the President—

"His eye begets occasion for his wit,—
Ev'ry object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth moving jest."

"Bravo, Apollo!" roared Tom,—“it's all my eye, nevertheless, by thy quotation."

At this moment, a stranger, who had been but a short time present, drew the attention of D'Urfey's party to him, by accidentally letting fall the glass from which he had been just sipping his wine, exclaiming, half petulantly, as he gazed at its shivered parts—"A curse on the glass."

"Nay," said Tom, "blame it not; 'twas thy fault that caused thy friend and thee thus suddenly to part company."

"Indeed, Sir Wit!" answered the stranger, turning his gaze full upon the last speaker, though seeming a little ashamed of his exclamation having been heard, "suppose it not, that I cut friends as easily as thou dost thy jokes—save when as frail, and a compound of the same brittle stuff.—Here, boy, another glass," he added, carelessly collecting the scattered fragments with one foot.

"Nevertheless," said D'Urfey, pleased with the smart return and easy deportment of the stranger, "thou art an easy observer of the phases of life, and must have gracious ways at command, seeing that you can at will replace the loss of one friend by the immediate adoption of another."

This was interrupted, by Sir William Davenant calling on D'Urfey for a song, in preference, as he shrewdly observed, to balancing terms with a chance of inducing contention.

"I lack not contention," said the stranger, "nor have I so full a notion of my tongue, as to encounter the subtlety of such polished wit as passes in common exchange amongst your goodly company; and were I in my own opinion at equality, I would not make a risk of sociality, to ruffle the feelings of another, by waving my standard over him; such actions are at best the feuds of vanity—The Tower Hill squabbles of last week, wherein D'Estrades and Vatteville made a serious finish to a foolish commencement—a blood-thirsty song with senseless words." As he uttered these expressions, to the surprise of all, he made towards the president, and continued, "We, Sir William Davenant, have witnessed too much of the rough sides of men, to be desirous of adding to our vocabulary of hard words and still harder deeds—if I have not forgotten the siege of Gloucester"—

"Good heavens !! Arthur Compton," suddenly ejaculated Davenant, seizing the proffered hand of the stranger, with the firm grasp of an old comrade: "that I should ever have forgotten the face of the brave Compton."

"Where you were seated, my old friend, you had not the opportunity of seeing it," said Compton, "and I have to offer my thanks to your merry friend here, for so quickly taking the cue I purposely gave to attract your notice."

"But," interrupted the worthy Davenant, "I could curse my hand for not being instinctively drawn to that which had, in the moment of need, helped it to a musketoon.—Gentlemen," he continued, as he placed his newly found friend in the seat which Betterton had with courtesy vacated for him—"gentlemen," he repeated, still shaking the hand of his comrade: "I add to our circle as good and brave a cavalier, and as strenuous a friend as ever man was blest with a knowledge of." This introduction was followed by a salute performed by the whole party, making the glasses ring and jump

upon the table, which they were beating with their hands in the ecstasy of welcome. When the last hand had finished, D'Urfey, addressing himself to the new comer, said, "Sir, I am gratified in being the means of piloting so favourite a vessel into a comfortable harbour. I knew from the clean honesty of thy looks, and the soundness of thy speech, that to hold a place without our circle, was not thy province—and now there is one more in the field, to the game, gentlemen, again." And to the game they went, the bowl being replenished for the purpose. And having drawn the curtain over the scene, I must leave the reader's imagination to follow them into daylight.

LINES ON THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE
BACCHANTE,

BY GEORGE PATTEN, ESQ., R.A.,

BY MARY FOSTER.

I GAZED upon a wild and lovely scene,
A sun-lit nook in the deep forest's green;
And flowers wantoned in their brightness there;
And branches floated on the languid air;
And Autumn's mellow tint spread its rich tone
Of genial warmth along that valley lone.
There, on a panther's hide, against a bank,
Crouched in a child-like vest, a Nymph had sank,
As weary with delight;—for the rich vine
Was circled in her hair; and no more wine
Was in the fallen cup; yet the sweet smile
That dwelt within her speaking eye, the while
Her drooping head upon her arm reclin'd,
Spoke not of earth, or joys the vulgar find:
She seem'd a Hebe, from those far-off skies
Where angel-purity for safety flies,
Sent on a message to some child of earth,
Teaching the wine-draught's almost heav'nly birth!
And the round limb, and pure transparent skin,
Told at a glance she ne'er had dreamt of sin;
For Heav'n's own azure 'neath the soften'd rose
Of her fair flesh, mark'd well the home she'd chose!
A moment's pause, while yet the panting breast
Had taken there its transitory rest,
And springing to her feet, with zephyr's aid,
My wondering sight had lost the lovely maid—
But—oh, delight! I found her beauties rare,
Transfix'd by Art's celestial magic there!

“AS YOU LIKE IT,”

AS ILLUSTRATED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THIS is the age of illustration. We have illustrated editions of old books, and illustrations of every place on the face of the earth, from “China to Peru;” and of every age, from the First Ptolemy to “the French, illustrated by themselves.” The mode has been adopted by the Theatre, and a play is now not only played but illustrated. The scenery, costume and effects, are all sought to be wrought out, and not as heretofore merely intimated to the audience, or the passions and emotions alone developed. Whether this be a genuine application of the dramatic art may admit of a question. The sternly classic might say not, (in spite of the cost expended by the ancients on their stage,) the devotee of the romantic drama might argue that it was. For the latter are many arguments to be found. There is no doubt the old plays in Elizabeth’s time were highly illustrated. If any one doubt it, let him read Hall’s Chronicle, or Mr. Cunningham’s account of “The Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., from the original of the Masters and Yeomen,” as published by the Shakespeare Society. One extract will show sufficiently the lavish expenditure bestowed upon theatrical exhibitions in that age of show and splendour:—

“THE PRYNCES MASKE.

Payde to sondrye persons for the chardges of a Maske presented by the Prince before the Kinges matie on Newyeres day at night beinge the first of Januarie 1610. viz.

	li. ^{xx}	s. ^{vij}	d.
To Mercers	cciiij ^{xx} xix	vij	v
Sylkemen	cciiij ^{xx} xvij	xv	vj
Haberdashers	lxxiiij ^{xx}	vij	vij
Embroderers	iiij ^{xx} ix	xvj	ix
Girdelers and others for skarfes, beltes and gloves	lxxiiij	vij	
Hosyers for silke stockinges, poyntes and rybbons	xlxx	xvj	
Cutler	vij	iiij	
Tyrewoman	xlxx	vj	
Taylors	cxliij	xiiij	vj
Shoemaker	vj	x	
To Inigo Jones devyser for the saide Maske	xvj		

In all M.iiij^{xx}xij vj x”

Here we have the immense sum of one thousand four hundred and twelve pounds expended on one masque, which, reckoning the difference of the value of money, is at least equal to seven or eight thousand pounds of the present day.

This superb and gorgeous entertainment was superintended by the first lyric poet of that or almost any time, and the noblest architect—Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones. All that fancy and invention could

demand was afforded, together with an unlimited supply of the richest material. As it was with this masque, so was it with all others, with either greater or less expense; and so doubtless with the plays produced by the court or great noblemen, or the public bodies, both those of the professional inns of court and the rich corporate bodies, such as the mercers' and other companies.

The Tudor period was one of marked transition as to the habits and formation of society. The feudal and martial spirit still animated it as a sentiment, but the realities were those of modern mercantile societies. The nobles and the crown itself retained only the emblems and empty forms of the feudal power and spirit. The tilt-yard, and not the battle-field, afforded the sentiment of chivalry a place for its display. It was essentially an age of acting. The male aristocracy played at knights and heroes, and the female at "ladyes bright." The rest of the population imitated them, and the whole nation joined in one huge masque. This fantastic but superb affectation was manifested in the exercise of every art. The half castellated houses speak of it. The very contortions of the language itself.—The costume.—The sports all tell of it. The acts of parliament then, as now, show us legislators endeavouring forcibly to prevent the progress of events, and endeavouring to arrest time by passing laws that neither arts nor sciences should advance. That bows and arrows should be used in spite of gunpowder, and armour worn, though the sword was giving way to the arquebuss. This is not the place to answer at length the question, if it be asked, how came this age to be one so marked in its transition. But it may be briefly said, that it was so chiefly because it was a change from a military and predatory form of society, to one of peace and industry. It was also more marked, because those holding the most powerful situations clung to the forms of a society, the spirit of which had evaporated. Retainers were still retained, houses still half fortresses, men half clad in armour; homage still demanded, gradations scrupulously adhered to because human nature in the gross never knows when to separate the requisite from that which is not—the abstract from the concrete. Add to this, the ignorance of the many made the common sense voice of society nearly inaudible.

Perhaps the gentle (or by this time ungentle,) reader may ask, what has all this to do with the production of "*As You Like It*," at Drury Lane Theatre. But let him exercise that virtue so particularly necessary to him, patience; and it shall be proved to him that it has, as clearly as Touchstone's statement of the laws of the duello.

It is necessary to give the reader some idea of the masquing, revelling, showy, acting age it was. To remind him of the gorgeousness of its banquets, pageants, and feasts. To show that with the realities of one period it was aping the manners of another. It was playing at existence: and this peculiar temperament particularly manifested itself in the drama. There it was mimicry of mimics. And the cleverness and fantasticness of the imitation gave it a double charm. It was indeed a time to say

"All the world's a stage."

Let it not be supposed that it is meant to assert that there was no reality in the time, no earnestness of spirit, no truth of feeling. That

would be impossible, but only that the prevailing temperament was one of notions, that the young and influential class fed not on realities, but on imaginations. That they acted to an external standard, and not from an inward spirit. The mass of mankind think but little, but that little is generally upon some real proceeding, past or possible.

Seen relatively to this state of national mind and fancy, "*As You Like It*," and the numerous plays of the same kind, assume their true position. They are "the very shadows of the time." They are not to be taken as representations of realities. They are not to be measured by any such standard. They are the spontaneous productions of the foam of the time, and spring like Aphrodite, all beauty, from the churning of fancies vast and ever changing. They are "such stuff as dreams are made of." They are true to themselves, and they contain many absolute truths; but still they are false, if measured by the standard of actuality.

The imaginative spirit of the time, and its peculiar tendency, rendered the audience ripe to receive them. The fancy of the age was strangely mingled. Scriptural allegories and heathen mythology; every-day life and the fantastic conceits of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses were all cast together. Genius, out of this apparent chaos, contrived to make a graceful whole, and the highest genius thus produced "*As You Like It*." Beyond approach great, because instinctively endued with a feeling and knowledge of the principles on which Nature works, Shakespeare formed a new world for his new beings; incongruous, if viewed relatively to existing life, but as true and perfect as that life itself if viewed with regard to itself. Shakespeare, however, like the Greek sculptors, when they delineated Gods, formed them on human proportions. So he always kept actual and existing nature in view while shaping his creations, and thus they satisfy and instruct the universal mind, that has in it the same instinctive perception of the true; or rather, of the just relations of the models to the original prototype.

"*As You Like It*," thus considered, is a beautiful and perfect vision. Human beings, firmly and clearly delineated, are surrounded or involved in fantastic circumstances, and a graceful blending of the heathen mythology and the fanciful vagaries of the sham-pastoral are mingled with it; all of which is so harmoniously run with delicate half-tones into each other, that we have no opening left to think of reality.

Shakespeare, it must be acknowledged, had so great a capacity to mark and comprehend, and then to note and delineate the actualities of character and life, that he seems to have preferred it to the indulgence of his fancy. In this play the characters are as firm and strongly portrayed as in any, but the medium by which they are presented to the audience is highly fanciful. But then it is fancy so beautifully toned to the realities that it blends with them, giving only an exquisite grace and colour to them. If this is so, then it must be acknowledged that this play is one of the finest pieces of art extant.

Thus estimating it, let us consider what must be required to illustrate it. In truth, a fancy almost as ripe and perfect, a sense of its beauty, grace, and just proportions almost as strong as that of its creator.

Has this been manifested at Drury Lane? Perhaps not; but still there are rich gleams of fancy and strong bursts of conception in its illustration that do much to weigh up the vision of the poet. To give it all would almost require the powers of the original poet. To let scene by scene float by in dreamy perfection, noiselessly and perfectly cohering, would be to give the poet again; but this could be only effected by a fancy of the most ethereal kind being joined to a power of mastery over physical materials that is, perhaps, scarcely possible.

When so much has been done, it is hardly fair to advance an ideal standard to which it cannot arrive.

The first great proof that something of a poetical mind had taken the great work in hand, was, that the poet's words were given entire. Thus, at all events, if the material was not about to receive the highest illustration, at least the attempt was made; and this alone will fix Mr. Macready's name amongst the foremost of the reformers of the theatre. It is the first step towards putting the poet in the first position. It is a return to the ideal that has cast the slough of two hundred years away from it. The merit and magnitude of this reform cannot be duly appreciated without considering the difficulties that opposed it. Ever since the Restoration, the French style of drama has prevailed at our theatre; and the principal characteristics of this were striking situations and elaborate speech-making. The managers of our theatres, from the time of Otway, Buckingham, and Mulgrave, have been endeavouring to prune, trim, and squeeze Shakespeare's magnificent poems into this form. Garrick and Kemble, who essayed and effected some reforms, never dared attempt the restoration, and every one of his plays were performed with the mutilations and vile cobbling of the lowest poetical hacks. The audience, thus pampered with a succession of effects, became insensible to higher beauties; till at last no one dared to make the attempt of returning to Shakespeare's authority. The profounder criticism commenced by Schlegel and Coleridge, led the way to a juster notion of the purport of the drama, and the consummate art of Shakespeare's construction. The theatres, as usual, were the last to appreciate this dissemination of a better knowledge of the poet. Mr. Macready, at length, with a taste that will place him high amongst the elevators of the drama, made the attempt. Still he faltered in "*Coriolanus*;" he could not abandon Thompson, and in no instance gave the naked and entire text. And he was excusable in so doing. To experimentalize in a theatre is to do so at a cost and risk that no other speculation incurs. He has now done so magnanimously, and "*As You Like It*," has, for the first time for this two hundred years, been played as he who was equally skilful as profound in knowledge of his art, wrote it. The result has been, what has been always predicted, that it would move and interest an audience; and that Shakespeare knew as well what would charm mankind in the mass as he did singly.

The restoration of the poet involved a self-sacrifice that also does honour to the manager as an actor; and the sacrifice might be more enlarged on, if Mr. Macready did not deserve a higher standard of excellence than that expressed in the noisy approbation of an indiscriminating audience. The part of *Jaques* has, by all preceding actors, from Garrick to Kemble, been made a spouting character; and so

basely covetous of opportunities of thus speechifying were the actors, that all that is so judiciously and beautifully said *of* Jacques by the First Lord, was, with the most awkward garbling, made to be uttered *by* Jacques himself; a proceeding which has no analogy to any thing but the conduct of the stone-mason who rubbed down the muscular developments in a Grecian statue as unsightly excrescences. One of the great secrets of the wonderful strength and relief of Shakespeare's plays is, that he makes his characters reflect each other, and thus he gives us not only portraits but sculptures—not only faces but backs. The barbarous jobbers who have thus mutilated Shakespeare have at length been driven out of the temple; and as the lovers of architecture and music are restoring the creations of geniuses in these two arts to their original integrity, so will Mr. Macready have the credit of restoring the greatest writer that ever lived. And this will do more for the poet than all the most industrious commentary in the world could, though that is by no means deserving of the contempt the unthinking are now wont to fling upon it.

There is still one deviation from the text, in this genuine revival, that is to be regretted, though, perhaps, the stage business may render it absolutely necessary. The first three scenes of the second act are transposed. Now this may appear trifling, but is far from being so. It is quite certain that no true poet ever penned a poem as a whole which could bear any dislocation of its plan. And this is palpably the case here. In the first act much had been said, but nothing seen, of the exiled Duke. The second act was about to be formed of him and his followers, and the dramatist accordingly introduces him and his followers, then returns to the usurper's court, to show that the two princesses had fled, and then goes back to the forest, to introduce the chief man, Orlando, and thus brings the whole group gradually together. As the introductory scene of the exiled duke is now played, it is a useless excrescence, and seems like a mere piece of fine writing, or rather, speechifying, a thing as foreign to Shakespeare as for him to introduce a scene in Chaldaic to show his learning.

This is alluded to to show how dangerous it is to touch the arrangement of a perfect poet. If it be said that the play originally was not divided into acts, that argues nothing, as the order of the scenes is the subject in discussion.

Having endeavoured to show the kind of performance the author intended this beautiful poem to be, let us now see how it has been illustrated at Drury Lane Theatre.

The first scene, "an Orchard near Oliver's house," is pleasing and natural enough; but the grand scene of this act is the wrestling scene "on the lawn before the Duke's house." Here is shown a considerable degree of invention and fancy in the costume of the characters introduced, which, as a whole, harmonizes well; and the excitement and animation of the scene are admirably maintained, giving a glowing representation of the poet's imaginings. The grouping, however, here is not so well managed as in the scene in *Acis and Galatea*, which precedes the approach of the giant. It is, nevertheless, an excellent scene, and shows, in whoever superintended it, a poetical fancy and true capacity to conceive the poet's ideas.

Has this been manifested at Drury Lane? Perhaps not; but still there are rich gleams of fancy and strong bursts of conception in its illustration that do much to weigh up the vision of the poet. To give it all would almost require the powers of the original poet. To let scene by scene float by in dreamy perfection, noiselessly and perfectly cohering, would be to give the poet again; but this could be only effected by a fancy of the most ethereal kind being joined to a power of mastery over physical materials that is, perhaps, scarcely possible.

When so much has been done, it is hardly fair to advance an ideal standard to which it cannot arrive.

The first great proof that something of a poetical mind had taken the great work in hand, was, that the poet's words were given entire. Thus, at all events, if the material was not about to receive the highest illustration, at least the attempt was made; and this alone will fix Mr. Macready's name amongst the foremost of the reformers of the theatre. It is the first step towards putting the poet in the first position. It is a return to the ideal that has cast the slough of two hundred years away from it. The merit and magnitude of this reform cannot be duly appreciated without considering the difficulties that opposed it. Ever since the Restoration, the French style of drama has prevailed at our theatre; and the principal characteristics of this were striking situations and elaborate speech-making. The managers of our theatres, from the time of Otway, Buckingham, and Mulgrave, have been endeavouring to prune, trim, and squeeze Shakespeare's magnificent poems into this form. Garrick and Kemble, who essayed and effected some reforms, never dared attempt the restoration, and every one of his plays were performed with the mutilations and vile cobbling of the lowest poetical hacks. The audience, thus pampered with a succession of effects, became insensible to higher beauties; till at last no one dared to make the attempt of returning to Shakespeare's authority. The profounder criticism commenced by Schlegel and Coleridge, led the way to a juster notion of the purport of the drama, and the consummate art of Shakespeare's construction. The theatres, as usual, were the last to appreciate this dissemination of a better knowledge of the poet. Mr. Macready, at length, with a taste that will place him high amongst the elevators of the drama, made the attempt. Still he faltered in "*Coriolanus*;" he could not abandon Thompson, and in no instance gave the naked and entire text. And he was excusable in so doing. To experimentalize in a theatre is to do so at a cost and risk that no other speculation incurs. He has now done so magnanimously, and "*As You Like It*," has, for the first time for this two hundred years, been played as he who was equally skilful as profound in knowledge of his art, wrote it. The result has been, what has been always predicted, that it would move and interest an audience; and that Shakespeare knew as well what would charm mankind in the mass as he did singly.

The restoration of the poet involved a self-sacrifice that also does honour to the manager as an actor; and the sacrifice might be more enlarged on, if Mr. Macready did not deserve a higher standard of excellence than that expressed in the noisy approbation of an indiscriminating audience. The part of *Jaques* has, by all preceding actors, from Garrick to Kemble, been made a spouting character; and so

basely covetous of opportunities of thus speechifying were the actors, that all that is so judiciously and beautifully said of Jacques by the First Lord, was, with the most awkward garbling, made to be uttered by Jacques himself; a proceeding which has no analogy to any thing but the conduct of the stone-mason who rubbed down the muscular developments in a Grecian statue as unsightly excrescences. One of the great secrets of the wonderful strength and relief of Shakespeare's plays is, that he makes his characters reflect each other, and thus he gives us not only portraits but sculptures—not only faces but backs. The barbarous jobbers who have thus mutilated Shakespeare have at length been driven out of the temple; and as the lovers of architecture and music are restoring the creations of geniuses in these two arts to their original integrity, so will Mr. Macready have the credit of restoring the greatest writer that ever lived. And this will do more for the poet than all the most industrious commentary in the world could, though that is by no means deserving of the contempt the unthinking are now wont to fling upon it.

There is still one deviation from the text, in this genuine revival, that is to be regretted, though, perhaps, the stage business may render it absolutely necessary. The first three scenes of the second act are transposed. Now this may appear trifling, but is far from being so. It is quite certain that no true poet ever penned a poem as a whole which could bear any dislocation of its plan. And this is palpably the case here. In the first act much had been said, but nothing seen, of the exiled Duke. The second act was about to be formed of him and his followers, and the dramatist accordingly introduces him and his followers, then returns to the usurper's court, to show that the two princesses had fled, and then goes back to the forest, to introduce the chief man, Orlando, and thus brings the whole group gradually together. As the introductory scene of the exiled duke is now played, it is a useless excrescence, and seems like a mere piece of fine writing, or rather, speechifying, a thing as foreign to Shakespeare as for him to introduce a scene in Chaldaic to show his learning.

This is alluded to to show how dangerous it is to touch the arrangement of a perfect poet. If it be said that the play originally was not divided into acts, that argues nothing, as the order of the scenes is the subject in discussion.

Having endeavoured to show the kind of performance the author intended this beautiful poem to be, let us now see how it has been illustrated at Drury Lane Theatre.

The first scene, "an Orchard near Oliver's house," is pleasing and natural enough; but the grand scene of this act is the wrestling scene "on the lawn before the Duke's house." Here is shown a considerable degree of invention and fancy in the costume of the characters introduced, which, as a whole, harmonizes well; and the excitement and animation of the scene are admirably maintained, giving a glowing representation of the poet's imaginings. The grouping, however, here is not so well managed as in the scene in *Acis and Galatea*, which precedes the approach of the giant. It is, nevertheless, an excellent scene, and shows, in whoever superintended it, a poetical fancy and true capacity to conceive the poet's ideas.

In the second act thenceforward we are transported to the forest ; and here we have, amidst some monstrosities and theatrical exaggerations, some truly poetical illustrations. That scene which introduces the retainers of the exiled Duke, with their dogs and hawks, was worthy of any artist's conception, for grouping and general effect, if, indeed, it was not compiled from some of the delineations of celebrated painters. It the most approached to illusion of any of the scenes, because it was most continuous and harmonious, and had no discrepancies to contend with. The scene under the Greenwood Tree was bowery, and had a pleasant air of forest depths and retreats about it ; but the straight benches and forms, unfortunately, carried one to Cremorne House, and brought too forcibly to one's mind the modern tea-garden. The benches should have been ruder ; and, indeed, " the cave " might have been a more appropriate place for the Duke to dine in, and have afforded a finer illustration. The cote that *Rosalind* purchases was rather too floridly depicted, and the introduction of the singing-birds an attempt to produce a reality quite beyond the reach of art. Besides, it had the disadvantage of bringing to mind—not the warbling of the sweet bird's throat—but the performance of a gentleman who stands at the foot of Newcastle-street, and sells water-whistles for a halfpenny. If the crowing of the cock in " *Hamlet* " is dismissed, why should these be retained ? It would occupy too much time here to prove why it is meretricious and not artistic to introduce such aids. But ask Sir Augustus Calcott or Mr. Allen to introduce the sails of a mill, turned by watch-work, into one of their landscapes, and see what they would say to such a reality.

The labour, and talent, and fancy, required to represent physically the visions of such a poet as Shakespeare is a mighty task, and it is only by repeated efforts that it can be done. To give a gorgeous theatrical pageant is a very different thing, and is a very different aim to realizing the conceptions of the poet. The last is attempted by Mr. Macready, and is a very high aim, and in some instances, it must be allowed that it has been effected in the present. This is not the place for a dissertation on scenic illusion, but it may be remarked, that there is yet much to be done, if that principle is resolved to be carried out. The proscenium must be altered, the mode of lighting constructed on more scientific principles, and the ground of the stage varied. It is in vain to represent a boarded forest, or even a boarded Gothic building. More or less must be done. The imagination must be more fancifully suggested to ; or if the senses are to be taken by facts, these must be represented unbrokenly. Else one discrepancy will show the deceit. It is doubtful, however, if fancy could not much better produce illusion, and whether art, in its genuine acceptation, has not yet to be introduced to the theatre.

These, however, are considerations which must be pursued at another time and in another place.

Having examined what may be called the illustrations of the play, let us look to the acting of it.

And, first, Mrs. Nisbett's *Rosalind* ; certainly not the prismatic being of the author—that soul of deep sentiment and passion infused with the gayest and most joyous wit. Certainly that lady did not give

us those lights and shades, rapidly intersecting each other, that the author has exemplified; those delicate traits of woman's nature, that at once make her the most enchanting and the most perplexing of creations; that raise in her lover the most intense passion and the most intense solicitude. Such an enchantress has been met by men of passion and feeling, but who but Shakespeare has ever delineated "The Cynthia of the minute?" Mrs. Nisbett is, as all the world acknowledges, a very charming woman, but does not yet appear to have penetrated the depths of Shakespearian delineations. Indeed it is a study, and it is doubtful if she has given it the requisite application. A thousand graces would rise to her fancy—hundreds of points would present themselves, did she ponder sufficiently on them. The female characters of Shakespeare, like the male, demand profound knowledge, and to play a few well, as is the case with the great characters of Hamlet, Macbeth, &c., is all that the greatest actors or actresses can aspire to. That Mrs. Nisbett would ultimately play Rosalind there is no doubt, could she afford the requisite sacrifice of time to study and perfect the intricate and delicate delineation. By the way, we are at a loss to know why she omits the speech to Jaques, bantering him as a traveller; especially as it is so exceedingly characteristic of both personages.

Mrs. Stirling's Celia was a clever piece of theatrical art, but had none of the princess-like gentleness and sweetness of the original.

Mrs. Keeley's Audrey seized at once, and in perfection, the conception of the author. The rude animal nature, simple and coarse, was perfectly delineated: without grossness, without buffoonery. A high and perfect piece of imagination represented in its full integrity, without flaw or crack. It was indeed acting.

Of the men, Jaques deserves first notice, though Orlando ought to be the most prominent. This, too, was an homogeneous conception. And though there may be some objection to the key which was taken, still it must be acknowledged, that all parts were in perfect harmony. Mr. Macready conceives him to be more merely sarcastic than was perhaps his nature. It surely should be considered how infinite was his fancy, how generous his conduct. He loves to ally himself to the fallen; he is not rude, but honest. How he hates baseness and insincerity! returning to the usurping Duke when he is the fallen. Was not his melancholy that of a noble soul seeking in vain for nobility in a rank and o'er grown soil? His sympathies are in direct opposition with those of the world. He is certainly tart, and the noble wine has by some thunder-shock been a little soured. The speech so hackneyed, and yet never trite, on the seven ages, was an instance, we think, of Mr. Macready's wrong conception of some portion of the character. The indulgence of a fancy so ripe and ready as that displayed, must, at the time of utterance, have given an excitement and glow to the utterer. Each picture, as it rose to his fancy, must have kindled as it flowed on, until it deepened into a profound and almost solemn real reflection, closing in a deep and mournful truth. His audience (and such an audience, for they were all fine fellows,) would have been charmed with his fancy, until gradually touched with his intensity, they would have caught his solemn tone, and the concluding deep and sad truth would have left them all for a moment in a profound and touching reverie. Never was

there an author delighted or excelled more in contrast than Shakespeare, and therefore he demands of all the impersonators of his characters the most varied and opposite powers.

Orlando is the incarnation of all that is noble in man. His high qualities are not obtruded on us by long descriptions, but every sentence he utters, every thing he does shows him to be noble, tender, and manly. His intellect is as sound and clear as his moral nature, and we admire him equally in his indignation at his brother's conduct, in his tenderness to Adam, in his passion for Rosalind, and in his banter with Jaques. He is indeed a well-developed man, with youth and comeliness to adorn him. It cannot be said that Mr. Anderson delineated all these phases of his character. There was no elevation in his personation. Orlando was of much the same class as the crack young men in the modern comedies, "Tall and proper" enough, but that was all. The various characteristics the dramatist has so finely brought out were slurred into one indiscriminating manner. He was not the athlete with the wrestler, the impassioned lover with Rosalind, the outraged man with his brother, the tender friend with old Adam, the easy gentleman with the Duke, and the careless wit with Jaques. Mr. Anderson has one set manner for courage, another for love, and so on, and these the various modes he uses in all his characters, so that there is no genuine flavour in any one of them. Indeed, he seems to give himself no time to perfect himself in any one part, playing as he does all kinds. There is yet hope of him, if he would leave off mouthing, try to be natural, and deeply study any great character he undertakes.

Mr. Phelps's Adam was not calculated to sustain his well earned reputation. This character, it is said, was originally played by Shakespeare himself, and if minutely considered, it will be found to abound in inimitable touches. The tenderness and affection is excessive, yet most gently and temperately expressed. It is full of the weakness of age, but has in it too the overflowing fondness of that period. The scenes between Orlando and Adam are fraught with manly affection and tenderness. Mr. Phelps was vehement, and violent, and weak, but he failed to bring out the truly pathetic parts of the character.

Touchstone, by Keeley, was exceedingly amusing, as that highly sensible and shrewd actor could not fail to make it. Every individual point told, and the actor fully comprehended the words. There was, however, a deficiency in the characterization. Touchstone is a humourist ridiculous in himself. His conceit is immense, and he occupies the place of our modern valet. He has all the left off airs of the court. He even patronises the banished Duke. Yet is he "a good man and true." He does not forsake Rosalind, nor endeavour to debauch Audrey. The fantastic part of the character Mr. Keeley did not give. His excessive absurdity and oddity of conduct were not marked enough. The very name of Touchstone seems to imply his nature. He is a test for true wit and true worth.

The usurping Duke, by Mr. Bennett, was a very theatrical piece of personation. The banished Duke, by Mr. Ryder, better, because quieter, but sadly lacking that fine alacrity of spirit that belongs to the noble exile. Mr. Elton, as the First Lord, recited well. Mr. Hudson's Le Beau was much applauded because much exaggerated;

it being as near to a true characterization as the lover in a pantomime. Charles the Wrestler was a very characteristic little bit by Mr. Howell. The country people were well performed. William excellently by Compton, and Corin by Mr. W. Bennet. Oliver sensibly by Mr. Graham.

The singing was delicious; and Mr. Allen's most true to the nature of the poetry, and exquisitely touching. It was judiciously introduced, and harmonized, (in every sense of the word,) with the scene. Miss Horton also sang very agreeably, and played very characteristically the small part she undertook.

The little masque of "Hymen" was admirably arranged, and was quaintly picturesque. Very like an ancient pageant.

It may seem to some persons inconsistent to have devoted so much space to the account of the production of one play; but when this production involves many principles it surely cannot be deemed so. It is in the first place due to the labour and cost that has been expended to give attention to it; and if it has been devoted, as in this instance, to the production of a work of art, it deserves, and may demand, every attention and encouragement. The production of "*As You Like It*," in the mode in which it has been done at Drury Lane Theatre, is certainly an epoch in the Drama. It is a proof of the spirit of the age, which seems rather to seek to fulfil to the utmost the perfection of the great things that have been produced, than to produce great ones itself. Next to producing greatness, certainly the highest thing is to aid in manifesting it.

It is sincerely to be hoped that every lover of Shakespeare will go himself, and induce those he can to go, and see this laborious and talented illustration of our greatest poet. It is indeed a case in which the highest and noblest in the land should exert themselves. When a private individual risks and expends thousands in illustrating a national poet, the least those can do who are supposed to have some influence, if not on taste, on fashion, is to encourage it by repeated visits. If Elizabeth and her Court encouraged the great originator, surely the present Sovereign and her Court ought to encourage the manager who so liberally and tastefully seeks to honour his memory by a gorgeous and poetical revival. Such exhibitions as these must refine and purify the public taste: must enlarge the sympathies and elevate the sentiments of all who see them; and therefore it is the duty of the influential to promote them; and the Queen and her Consort could not do a more serviceable thing to poetry and the arts than to visit them frequently: not only in the cold formality of a ceremonious visit, but cordially and sincerely, and in such a mode as to take the Court and Gentry with them, and give an impulse of fashion to so reasonable and so beautiful an entertainment.

CHANSON PAR BÉRANGER.

LE GRENIER.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux, je montais six stages.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier ; point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit bien chétif et bien dur ;
Là fut ma table ; et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un ver charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le Temps.
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau :
Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son schall en guise de rideau :
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette ;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants.
J'ai su depuis qui paya sa toilette.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'alégresse,
" A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !"
Le canon gronde ; un autre chant commence ;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatants.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'énivre.
Oh ! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instant,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

CHANSON BY BÉRANGER.

THE GARRET.

I TREAD the haunt where a teacher, no mild one,
 Penury, ruled o'er my destiny long.
 Twenty my age: I'd a mistress, a wild one,
 Frank-hearted friends, and a passion for song.
 Braving the world, both its asses and sages,
 Heedless of fruit while my spring blossomed well,
 Lightsome and merry, I skipped up six stages.—
 Gay in a garret at twenty we dwell!

A garret 'tis; never think I deny it:
 There stood my truckle, hard, shabby, and small;
 Yonder my table; and here I descry yet,
 Scribbled with coal, half a line on the wall.
 Joys of my morning, around me awaken,
 Fresh as ere Time's marring wing on you fell.
 Many a trot hath my watch for you taken.—
 Gay in a garret at twenty we dwell!

My pretty Bess, a light bonnet so neatly
 Gracing the arch one, here foremost attends.
 Quick to the window the damsel discreetly
 Trips, and her shawl for a curtain suspends.
 Decking my couch too her robe is spread loosely:
 Love, canst thou ruffle one fold's graceful swell?
 I've since found out who 'twas dressed her so sprucely.—
 Gay in a garret at twenty we dwell!

'Twas here one day, day of riches abounding,
 Round the full board as a chorus we pealed,
 Hark! 'twas a cry of glad triumph resounding,
 "Bonaparte at Marengo is lord of the field!"
 Loud cannons roar, and a new theme is chanted:
 Proudly the deeds of our heroes we tell:
 "King's foot shall ne'er on our borders be planted!"—
 Gay in a garret at twenty we dwell!

Away!—these walls do bewitch my poor reason.
 Ah, how remote are the days I deplore!
 Gladly I'd give for one month of that season
 All that the future for me has in store.
 While dreams beguile of love, fame, folly, pleasure,
 While days a life in their circle compel,
 While all our own is Hope's infinite treasure,
 Gay in a garret at twenty we dwell!

W. K. K.

A DAY IN LONDON BY A FOREIGNER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

I HAD passed the night at a masked ball; one is always stupid the day after a gay assembly, therefore I took the sudden resolution of treating my *ennui* in a homœopathic way. Some hours after, having scarcely taken time to cast aside my turban, my scymitar, and all the paraphernalia of my Turkish attire, I found myself *en route* for London, the native city of spleen.

At Boulogne, which is completely *Englished*, I, not speaking that language, was reduced to pantomime to express that I was hungry and sleepy; at length an interpreter was found, through whose services I obtained a supper and a bed. At Boulogne they understood nothing but English. It is a remark I have made in regard to the frontiers of France, that they are invaded by the language and the customs of their neighbours. Thus, all the coast opposite to England, is English; Alsace, on its borders, is German; Flanders is Belgian; Provence, Italian; and Gascony, Spanish. Every one knows that a Parisian is often at a loss in these provinces.

At six o'clock next morning I embarked in the Harlequin steamer, and in a few hours a white line was visible above the waters; it was the coast of Albion. The weather was fine, not a cloud in the heavens, yet a diadem of vapour crowned the front of Old England. As we proceeded, I observed in all directions, curling to the skies, the smoke of innumerable steam-boats—indicating the approach to the Babylon of the Seas. Near the coast of France, on the contrary, the solitude is complete; not a sail, not a steamer, is to be descried. But here—the more one advances, the more the crowd increases: the horizon is encumbered with them; the sails take the shape of domes, the masts look like lofty spires; one could fancy it an immense Gothic town floating along—a Venice detached from its foundations, which you were about to encounter.

The Thames, or rather the arm of the sea into which its waters fall, is of such a size, and its banks are so low, that they cannot be seen from the middle of the stream; it is only after sailing up some miles that their flat, dingy outlines are discovered between the grey skies and the yellow water. The narrower the river becomes, the more compact becomes the crowd of vessels of all sizes, from the immense three-masted ship to the fishing-smack—from the gigantic steam-boat to the shallow wherry in which two people can hardly sit; and all these going up, coming down, and passing each other without the slightest confusion, forms one of the most extraordinary spectacles that can be presented to the human eye.

The West India Docks are so enormous, that they are beyond all belief; they seem to be the work of Cyclops and Titans. Above the houses, the warehouses, the stairs, and all the motley constructions that encumber the sides of the river, you discover a prodigious alley of masts, which is prolonged to infinity; a confusion of rigging, spars,

cordage, interlaced with a density surpassing that of the thickest American forest. It is there that is constructed and refitted the innumerable army of ships which go forth to seek the riches of the whole world, to cast them afterwards into that bottomless gulf of misery and luxury called London. The sea is the native country of the English; and so fond are they of it, that many noblemen spend their lives in making dangerous voyages in little vessels equipped and commanded by themselves. The Yacht Club has no other end but to encourage this national taste. So little do they like *land*, that they have a hospital placed in the middle of the Thames, in the hull of a large ship, for the use of those sailors who are taken ill in the port of London.

The buildings that skirt the Thames are covered with letters and names of all colours and sizes. At a distance, you ask yourself what new order of architecture this is; but on a nearer inspection, you find it resolved into immense gilded letters, which serve the double purpose of balcony and sign to the magazine or manufactory it adorns. In this branch of charlatanism the English are without rivals. I was not a little surprised to see the Tower still standing; for I had supposed, from the awful accounts the newspapers gave of the fire, that it had been reduced to ashes. The Tower, however, has lost nothing of its ancient physiognomy—there it still stands, with its high walls, its sinister aspect, and its low arcade (the Traitors' Gate), under which a dark boat, like the boat of the Shades, used to convey the guilty and those who were destined to death.

The steam-boat at length reached the Custom-house, where our baggage was to be left until the next day; for Sunday is as scrupulously kept in London, as the Jewish Sabbath at Jerusalem.

We landed, and, not knowing a word of English, I felt somewhat uneasy how I was to get on; but I had written on a card the name of the street, and the number of the house, to which I was going: luckily for me, the driver of the cab, to whom I showed it, could read; and having deposited myself in his vehicle, which, by the way, was of the form most in vogue at present in Paris, though in London only used as hackney carriages, we set off with the rapidity of lightning. Whilst we were driving along the streets that separate the Custom-house from High Holborn, I was amazed to observe the profound silence and solitude which reigned around. One might have thought oneself in a city of the dead, or in one of those towns peopled by petrified inhabitants, such as we read of in Oriental tales. All the shops were shut; not a single human face was visible at the windows; and in the streets, was only here and there to be seen some solitary figure flitting like a spectre along. This stillness and gloom contrasted so forcibly with the idea I had always entertained of the bustle and animation of London, that I was lost in astonishment until I remembered it was *Sunday*. That day, which with us is, at least for the common people, a day for pleasure, for promenading, for dress, for dancing and festivity—on the other side of the Straights is passed in a manner inconceivably stupid. The taverns are shut at midnight the evening before; at the theatres there are no performances; the shops are hermetically closed, so that those who have neglected to lay in provisions the day before, would find it difficult to get anything to eat. Life itself seems suspended: for fear of profaning the solemnity of the Sabbath, London dares not make a

single movement ; it is an indulgence, that it allows itself to breathe. On that day, after having heard a sermon from the minister of the sect to which they belong—all good English people imprison themselves in their own houses, to meditate on the Bible, offer up their ennui to God, and rejoice in being neither *French* nor *Papist*—a source of inexhaustible self-gratulation.

The next day, at an early hour, I set off alone to look about me,—hating nothing so much as a guide, who compels you to see all you do not care to see, and to pass all that might interest you. I always avoid what are called the BEAUTIES of a town, viz. the monuments, churches, and other public buildings : one can see these everywhere in engravings. Behold me, then, threading by chance the streets as they presented themselves. The shops began to open lazily—Paris rises earlier than London ; it is not until near ten o'clock that London wakes,—to be sure, it retires at a late hour at night. What struck me first, was the immense width of the streets, with pavements so broad that twenty people might walk on them abreast. The lowness of the houses—for they are seldom more than three stories high—renders more sensible the width of the streets. Another thing which adds to the peculiarity of the aspect of London, is, the sombre colour which uniformly clothes its objects. The immense quantity of coal used in London is one of the principal causes of this general mourning. The statues share in the darkness of the houses ; and those of the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of York, and George the Third on horseback, resemble only negroes or chimney-sweeps, so encrusted and disfigured are they with the impalpable coal powder which seems to fall from the very skies of London. The skies of London, by the way, even when divested of clouds, are of a milky blue, in which white predominates ; its mornings and evenings are always bathed in mists—drowned in fogs. London smokes in the sun like a heated race-horse, or a boiling caldron, which produces those admirable effects of light and shade so well given by English artists. It is this smoke enveloping all, which softens the too great sharpness of the angles, veils the poverty of construction, lengthens the perspective, and gives an air of vagueness and mystery to the most common-place objects ; by its aid, a kitchen chimney becomes an Egyptian obelisk,—a clumsy row of pillars assumes the graceful shape of a portico of Palmyra.

The retail wine-merchants, so common in Paris, are replaced in London by the vendors of gin and other strong liquors. The gin-shops are generally very elegant, ornamented with abundance of gilding, and forming by their luxury a painful contrast to the poverty and misery of the class which frequents them. I saw an old woman enter one of these gin-temples, who has haunted my memory ever since. She had a bonnet on her head—but what a bonnet ! It might have been white or black, yellow or purple, the original colour could no longer be recognized, and it could only be likened to a coal-skuttle. Round her wretched old carcase hung some filthy tatters, which reminded me of the rags thrown over the drowned bodies in the *Porte-manteau* of the Morgue—only, what was much sadder, the corpse was moving. At the expiration of about a minute the old woman came out of the gin-shop ; she walked as uprightly as a Swiss soldier, her shrivelled figure seemed to have been re-animated, a hectic flush had spread over her withered

cheek, and as she passed near me she cast on me a dark, profound, fixed look—but a look from which thought was banished. At a few paces distant I saw another spectacle of the same kind; a grey-haired old man, already intoxicated, whose torn hat had rolled into the gutter, was singing snatches of some merry song, accompanied by uncouth and frantic gesticulation. How many equally wretched hasten thus to drink of the waters of Lethe under the name of *gin*! Yet these two specimens of London misery were nothing in comparison to those I afterwards saw at St. Giles's, the Irish quarter of the town. St. Giles's is only a few steps from Oxford Street and Piccadilly; you pass at once from the most glittering wealth to the lowest depths of poverty. There are to be seen infants covered with rags and filth, rolling lazily in the gutters; great girls with matted locks, and naked legs and feet, staring wildly at a passing stranger; and figures of all ages, on whose haggard and cadaverous countenances famine has written its terrible lines. *This* is the reverse of the medal of all civilization: immense fortunes are accounted for by frightful miseries; for one to devour so much, it is necessary that many fast; and no where is this disproportion more observable than in England. To have gold is so visibly the greatest merit there, that the poor English despise themselves, and humbly bow beneath the arrogance of the wealthy. Surely the English, who descant so much on the idols of the Papists, would do well to remember that the golden calf is the most abominable of all idols, and that which demands the most sacrifices.

The town had begun to stir—workmen, with their white aprons tucked up at the waist, were proceeding to their work; butchers' boys carried meat along in wooden trays; omnibuses, succeeding each other without any interval, rolled rapidly past. All this activity of locomotion contrasted oddly with the imperturbable, cold, phlegmatic expression of countenance of those who were hastening on. The English run, yet have not the air of being in a hurry: they keep on straight, like cannon-balls—not even stopping if they are hurt, or turning to make an apology if they hurt another: even the women walk at a pace that would do honour to grenadiers marching to an assault.

London covers an enormous surface; the houses are low, the streets large, the squares numerous and wide; St. James's Park, Hyde Park, and Regent's Park, occupy an immense space; people must therefore make haste, or they will not reach their destination till the next day. The Thames is to London what the boulevard is to Paris, the principal line of communication. Only on the Thames, instead of omnibuses, there are small steam-boats, in going by which you see pass before you, as in a moving panorama, the picturesque banks of the river. You may thus admire the three vast iron arches of Southwark Bridge, the Ionian columns which give so elegant an aspect to Blackfriars Bridge, the solid Doric of Waterloo Bridge, assuredly the most beautiful in the world. You will admire the gigantic cupola of St. Paul's, which rises above an ocean of roofs: from Westminster Bridge, you will discover the ancient Abbey of that name; and beyond it, you will find the perspective finely closed by Vauxhall Bridge. All of those

bridges, which are of Portland stone, or Cornwall granite, were built by private companies; for, in London, the Government has nothing to do with these public works.

Let us now pass from Waterloo Bridge, through Wellington Street, to the Strand. The Strand is filled with magnificent shops, which, though they have not the coquettish elegance of Parisian shops, have an air of singular richness and splendour. The portrait of Queen Victoria is to be seen in every print-shop; sometimes arrayed in jewels and ermined velvet, sometimes simply as a young woman in a domestic group with Prince Albert and her children; and, not unfrequently, Her Majesty is so cavalierly treated as to be introduced into humorous caricatures. Without exaggeration, I may say that the likeness of Queen Victoria is as common in England, as that of Napoleon is in France. The toy-shops engaged my attention, for English playthings seem very serious affairs compared to ours. You see very few trumpets, drums, soldiers, and puppet-shows; but abundance of miniature railroads and steam-boats; the very magic lanterns offer a course of astronomy, or exhibit the planetary system. There are also architectural toys, with which all manner of edifices may be built; and a thousand other geometrical and metaphysical amusements, which would not delight much the infants of Paris.

In going along Charing Cross, you find, at the corner of Trafalgar Place, the house of the Duke of Northumberland, known by a great lion, whose stiff and upright tail produces, though a new, rather a mediocre sculptural effect. It is the lion of the Percys, and never did heraldic lion assume a more fabulous form. In the middle of Trafalgar Place they are about to raise a monument in memory of Nelson; in the mean time, on the boards which surround the space enclosed for it, are pasted gigantic placards, monstrous advertisements of letters six feet long, giving notice of exhibitions, theatricals, &c. &c. The English are rather too absurd about Waterloo and Trafalgar; I know that we are not ourselves exempt from the mania of christening our streets and bridges by the name of our victories,—but, at least, our nomenclature is somewhat more varied.

The architecture of the houses, or rather the palaces, which form the part of the town inhabited by the richer classes, is extremely grand, though equivocal. Assuredly, the Romans and the Greeks were not so Roman or so Greek as the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty. You walk between two ranks of Parthenons, you see nothing but temples of Vesta and Jupiter-Stator,—and the illusion would be complete, if, between the columns, you did not read such inscriptions as the following:—*Gas Company—Life Assurance*. The English are rich, active, industrious; they can cast iron, manage steam, invent machines of fearful power; they may even be great poets; but the arts, properly so called, are unattainable by them. They perceive this; it irritates them, and hurts their national pride; they feel in their hearts that, notwithstanding their prodigious *material* civilization, they are only varnished barbarians. Lord Elgin, so violently anathematized by Lord Byron, committed a useless sacrilege. The bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, which were brought to London, have inspired no one. But Protestantism is a religion as fatal to the arts as

Islamism—perhaps more so. Artists must be either Pagans or Catholics. In countries where the churches are only large square chambers, without pictures, without statues, without ornaments of any kind, where gentlemen in well-curled wigs discourse to you seriously about Papist idols and the great Whore of Babylon, art never can attain eminence, for the noblest employment of the sculptor and the painter is to embody the divine symbols of the religion which prevails in his age, and in his country. Phidias sculptured Venus, Raphael painted Madonna, but neither the one nor the other was an Englishman.

The English can achieve all that is useful and comfortable, but they fail in the agreeable and the beautiful. They excel in all that is possible to do with difficulty, and above all they excel in the impossible. They may establish a Bible Society at Peking, they may reach Tombuctoo in white gloves and polished boots, in a complete state of *respectability*; they may invent machines to produce six thousand pairs of stockings in one minute, and even discover new countries wherein to dispose of their stockings; but they never will succeed in making a bonnet that a French grisette would put upon her head. If taste could be bought, they would give any money for it: happily, God Almighty has reserved two or three little things in his distribution of the goods of this world, which the gold of the mighty of the earth cannot purchase; namely—genius, beauty, and happiness.

However, notwithstanding these criticisms, the general aspect of London is truly astonishing, and among its greatest charms are its squares and parks. It is much to be desired that squares were the fashion at Paris, where the houses are much too near each other. A square is a place surrounded by houses uniformly built, in the centre of which is a garden enclosed by iron railings, with trees, flourishing plants, and an emerald turf on which the eye reposes with pleasure after being fatigued with the gloomy tint of the houses around, and the skies above. Nothing can be more charming than these delightful enclosures, tranquil, green, and fresh; but, truth to tell, I never saw a living creature within them. The inhabitants of the squares alone possess keys to these gardens, and it is enough for them that they have the power to close them against every one else.

But you will be wishing all this time to ask me about the living in London; what they eat—what they drink there; for travellers, in general, are so much occupied in quarrelling about the exact size of a column, or the exact height of some public building, that they forget these every-day matters. The English pretend that they alone know how to live in a healthy, substantial, and abundant manner. This living consists principally of turtle-soup, rump-steak, fish, salted beef, boiled vegetables, rhubarb-pie, and other equally primitive dishes. The dishes are all dressed and served in the plainest manner, but they are not thus eaten. From six to eight little bottles are handed round in a silver frame with Cayenne pepper, anchovy sauce, Harvey sauce, and sauces of I do not know all what Hindoo ingredients, which each guest adds to his taste, and which transform these sample dishes into something very violent to the palate. The porter and the old Scotch ales—which last I like very much—are not at all like our French beer. The porter is nearly as strong as brandy, and the Scotch ale intoxi-

cates like Champagne. As to the wines which are drunk in England,—the claret, the port, and the sherry,—they are rum more or less disguised.

The coffee-rooms do not at all resemble our French cafés. They are gloomy-looking rooms, divided into little cabinets or partitions, like the stalls for horses in stables, and not, like the cafés of Paris, brilliant with mirrors and gilding. Glasses, however, are rare in England; I saw very few mirrors, and these were not large.

The populace of London has the appearance of being more miserable than that of Paris. With us, the workmen and the males of the lower classes have dresses peculiar to themselves,—coarse, it is true, but which evidently have been always their own; whilst the females, though simply dressed, are always clean and neat. In London, on the contrary, the same style of dress is used by all ranks. The men all wear coats and long pantaloons—the women, bonnets and dresses made like those worn by ladies; so that, at first sight, one is apt to fancy that the people one sees clad in all this tawdry frippery, are of a superior class fallen into distress either by misconduct or reverse of fortune: articles which have originally belonged to a gentleman's wardrobe, may be descried figuring on the back of a scavenger; and the satin bonnet which had once graced the head of a duchess, may be seen, crushed and soiled, furnishing the costume of a char-woman.

Let us now turn to the theatres: I have only visited the French Theatre and the Italian Opera. You will not care to hear about Forgeot and Perlet,—I will, therefore, only speak of the Opera. The boxes are ornamented by red damask curtains, which give rather a sombre air to the house, which, besides, is not much lighted, the whole flood of light being reserved for the stage. This arrangement, and the blaze of the gas lamps, admit of almost magical effects. The sun-rise scene, which terminates the ballet of the *Gizelle*, produces a complete illusion, and does honour to the talent of Mr. Greave. Though the *beau-monde* had not all come to town, I saw at the Opera some charming female faces, which contrasted admirably with the red curtains. The annuals are more faithful than we are apt to fancy, in pourtraying the elegant forms and faces of the aristocracy. Here were the swimming eyes shaded with long drooping eye-lashes, the long fair ringlets falling in clusters over the polished shoulders and snowy chests that were very generally offered to public admiration; a mode of dress, by the way, which to us appears little in accordance with English prudery. As to the toilets of the ladies, they have a striking air of eccentricity,—the most showy colours are preferred. In the same box glittered, like the colours reflected by a prism, three ladies, equipped, one in bright yellow, one in scarlet, and one in celestial blue.

Nor are the head-dresses of a very happy taste; it is universally known that the English put all sorts of things on their heads; gold fringe, branches of coral, boughs of trees, shells, oysters,—their fancy sticks at nothing, especially when they have attained that age which is called *l'âge de retour*—at which, however, no one wishes to arrive, much less to return to.

I have now, dear Fritz, pretty well related to you what an honest looker-on, who does not speak one word of English, and does not care for the prescribed sights, can see in going through London. It is a very incomplete account; but if I were to give you an exact description of London, one letter would not be sufficient—it would fill volumes.

T. G.

MARSTON'S GERALD, AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE practical philosopher may point to his railroads and his Atlantic steam voyages as the greatest miracles of modern civilization; he is quite welcome to his self-complacency on this point; for our parts, we are fain to believe that more of the *reality* of human progress is to be discovered in our literature: what mighty secrets of being does it not reveal! how eventful is its history! how omnipotent is its influence, when compared with that which existed a century ago!—In the last age, few were the facilities, and few the aspirants for the honours of authorship;—competition in ability was not very formidable to the candidates for literary fame, though their jealousies and bickerings were as virulent as the mediocrity of their talents is now undisputed. “A reading public” had then to be created: as an inducement to mental creation, private patronage was a sorry predecessor of our national popular encouragement; the consequence was, that those writers who gave their productions to the world, have become well known to posterity: they stood alone; not on account of their intrinsic merits, but because there were then few temptations in literature to provoke rivalry.

Thus it is that Boswell is almost as familiar to us as Shakspeare. Mark the difference of their renown;—one *lives* with posterity,—the other is merely *known* to it. Notoriety is too often mistaken for Immortality, by those who imagine that making oneself conspicuous in one age is quite sufficient to insure the applause of the next. In our own day, the chance of an author being known to the generation which succeeds his departure from the world, is a chance indeed. The essentials which can now command a wordly immortality, are of a high and holy order; the rivalry of minds has brought literature to such a state of excellence, that the aspirant for fame may well shrink from the obstacles of greatness which he must outmatch, or be content with an apology for oblivion.

Poetry has struck out its new paths. Coleridge and Wordsworth are the high priests of the present poetical dispensation; but we cannot conceal from ourselves the belief that the time will ere long arrive, when even their works—the *Urim* and *Thummim* through which Genius has declared its oracles—will fade before still higher mental creations destined to appear by the undying law of progress.

* Gerald; a Dramatic Poem: and other Poems. By J. Westland Marston, Author of “The Patrician's Daughter, a Tragedy.” London: C. Mitchell. 1842. 2mo,

Among those few aspiring poets who have been deservedly *successful* in spite of the difficulties in the way of achieving *excellence*, the author of "GERALD" is entitled to a high and an honourable station. His "PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER" proved him to be a poet of no common order; and the work which he has just published, and which it is now our intention to review, is, perhaps, a still higher development of mind than its predecessor. "GERALD" is avowedly a poetical picture, or rather a philosophical interpretation of human every-day life; it is dramatic in its construction, and tragic in its end; it is not, however, intended for the stage, though there are many scenes in it which are full of acting capability. The author's idea of adapting existing times to tragic ends is carried out even more boldly than in "THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER:" this is what is due, not only to his own perception of a truth, but to the public and the press by which his former promulgation of that truth was so cheeringly applauded. As to the correctness of his theory, we have never entertained any doubt, nor are we aware that it has been impugned with even a shadow of plausibility, except in one instance:—the objection thus entitled to consideration is the one involved in the dogma, *that no age is poetical to itself*. This proposition, we should imagine, Mr. Marston would scarcely dispute; for our own part we would even extend its import, and declare *that no age is, in its literal and ordinary aspect, poetical to any other age*. All ages are rendered poetical by being viewed through the medium of the *Ideal*; and the only question at issue is, whether this medium cannot be applied to *contemporary life* with the same propriety as to the *life of antiquity*. We contend, that a Poet, in delineating the existing Times, is no more bound to introduce every petty and unpoetical association connected with them, than the painter of modern landscapes is necessitated to represent every brick-kiln and puddle which he may occasionally encounter in his perambulations.

The ground which Mr. Marston assumes, is, that the intuitive taste of the Poet's mind is the only limit to his sphere of operation, and that whatever be the forms in which great and essential principles naturally evolve themselves, those forms are thereby consecrated to poetic uses. In truth, Genius need not wander from *the present* to find the elements of poetry, the interest of romance, and the best materials in which to embody its powers and to illustrate its most hidden truths.

To the true Poet, the Strand may be as fertile a theme as Parnassus, and the domestic hearth no less instructive than the "classic Academe." He need not seek for fictitious interest in "eastern groves," "haunted castles," or "bygone eras," while his fellow man, bustling through modern life, can furnish him with the subject of a deeper moral, a more eventful history, and purer pathos. He ought to make every incident, however apparently petty, subserve some grand aim: the human heart is the Olympus from which he ought to catch his inspiration, and witness his moral, living panoramas. Let us now examine more minutely how Mr. Marston has fulfilled our idea of what his work ought to be. We think that we cannot better commence our analysis than by giving the reader an insight into the characters of the poem.

There is first, "GERALD" himself,—the type of a Poet whose

heart is divided between aspirations for promoting the elevation and happiness of his species, and the selfish thirst for individual distinction. His views are in advance of his character: the lust of personal greatness rebels against the expansive and godlike benevolence of his moral sentiments, and the trials through which these contradictory elements of being lead him, furnish the *progress* of the story, his purification from the taint being the moral which precedes the tragic termination of his career. At the same time it is evident, that Mr. Marston has no desire to exterminate the generous love of a really honourable fame; but while he admits the existence and value of this feeling, he requires it to be subordinated to a nobler—diviner law. GERALD experiences the treatment with which original genius is generally received; while attempting to teach the world something more worthy its high destiny than that which occupied the world's attention, he is coolly and argumentatively repulsed; his friends give him "good," "useful advice," and consign him back again to temporary obscurity. His griefs rack his soul, which exhibits its struggles in oracles bearing the impress of that final state for which his being is aspiring; and though at last the world capitulates and acknowledges his merits, the victory comes when he is receiving consolation far higher than any thing worldly can supply.

Upon "EDITH FAIRLIE," the heroine, our author has lavished a world of pathetic tenderness, most human,—most feminine. Every action that she performs is a truthful and sincere reality, springing from a guileless and charitable nature. She is no pure abstract imaginative ideality, but a creation which every one can conceive to be so possible, and yet which every one finds so very rarely in actual life. She is what we seek for in all our best conceptions of the feminine character. How marvellously well does she rebuke her lover for regarding her as an object of idolatry, rather than as a being needing confidence and support!

The characters which next attract our attention are "LORD AND LADY ROXMORE," nobility who deserve the title. Their sympathy and appreciation tend to reconcile GERALD to the dispensation of which he is the minister and the martyr. They prove how possible and how Christian it is to act benevolently, without making the sensitive object of their kindness feel the magnitude of the obligation.

"EUSTACE LOVEL," is the father of GERALD; he is a being full of those homely virtues, and that hearty cheerful simplicity, which render an old man an object of interest and affection.

"SIR HARRY BEVERLEY," is a specimen of the modern Mercurial of fashion and fortune. Next follows ASHTON, a popular *Man of Letters*, and CLAYTON, an opulent *London Merchant*, who are intimately connected with GERALD's career. There is also the harmless meditative clown, blundering, in the plenitude of his feelings over a character which he cannot understand. We need not mention the more subordinate persons of the drama. All fill their parts with more or less influence upon the interesting progress of the story.

No one possessing a proper degree of intelligence can rise from the perusal of "GERALD" without feeling *better*: its tendency is to

endow the religious man with a more correct estimate of *Art*, not as an external acquirement, but as a creative principle; and its influence upon the artistic mind is to arouse in it a deeper reverence for religion, as shown in practice rather than as protruded in doctrine.

This drama is divided into seven parts, expressive of the various *crises* in the mind and story of the hero: each has a significant title: we will commence with the first, which is "HOME," a scene of much truth and beauty. It exhibits GERALD's love for EDITH in the first flush of its youth, exuberance and sincerity. To a spirit less aspiring, there is here a happy barrier, which it were well not to overleap; but the strung mind of our hero seeks a wider sphere for its exercise: in the plenitude of its enthusiasm it pictures its visions of glory and distinction as realities already within its grasp: it is self-deluded into the belief that Genius need only present itself, to command universal homage. No—no! GERALD has yet to learn that Genius must prove itself an *ally* of the world before it can obtain admission into the citadel; once there, it may work what reformations it pleases. We need not, therefore, ask whether his poetical anticipations are fated to endure reverses with which his ardent spirit can scarcely combat.

The next part is entitled "REVERIE," and the scene reveals GERALD in London: he lays down his pen and gives himself up to thought. From the mysterious and ambitious portals of his mind escapes a long procession of prophetic fancies, prefiguring the sympathies which he may excite by his productions,—the sorrows which he may be the means of alleviating, and the triumph which ought to attend his career. Is he not doomed to act a part perhaps more unhappy than any of those secret and silent histories of woe which he so pathetically imagines for others? Do not seek an answer from his hopes!

The next three parts are entitled "THE WORLD," in which Mr. Marston has most characteristically exhibited his remarkable powers. Here we have the comedy of the nobleman, and the quiet humour of the peasant, in striking contrast with the sublime yearnings and pathetic sorrows of GERALD,—the victim who is self-sacrificed to the collision between the powerful extremes which he cherishes in his nature. In his passionate and interesting interview with ASHTON he thus declares the philosophy of his conduct:—

"No! The right
Lies ever in extremes. Of all the saws
That ever duped the world, that 'mediate' saw
Hath wrought most bane to man. If truth be truth,
It may not be compounded without sin!"

"GERALD's" great mistake here is in not perceiving that there are other "mediums" besides that between truth and error; there may be a medium between the extremes of two truths or two falsehoods. The mediate course is ever the safer, though it may be less eventful and sublime. GERALD is himself a refutation of his doctrine. In the scene which gives us GERALD's interview with CLAYTON, the *ideal* and the *practical* are finely contrasted and brought into action. Our hero

is true to his theory, and vindicates his principles at the expense of his fortune: he has yet to learn, that there is no real opposition between the *poetical* and the *actual* worlds, and that it is the duty of the great mind to keep them in harmony. In many stages of the story there is a weird doubleness of effect which reminds us strongly of *HAMLET*; the scenes are o'ercanopied by a dreamy forebodingness which points a moral to the most merry and artless delineation. As yet the defeats which *GERALD* has experienced, madden rather than instruct him:—in the solitude and poverty of his humble abode, he contemplates nothing less than self-destruction:—we behold his restless eye searching into vacancy, and feel the vulture-like despondency, which flaps its dark pinions over his reason, and fixes its iron talons into his heart. Can anything less than Providence, acting through the medium of human sympathy, dispel his delusions and reconcile him to life? *LORD ROXMORE* enters; he has been charmed by the poet's works, and he comes to benefit and encourage their author. *LADY ROXMORE* also glidingly approaches, and repeats one of *GERALD*'s poems: to the over-strained imagination of our poet-hero, the lady appears through the twilight like the missioned spirit of his neglected *EDITH*. This delusion is a fine stroke of art, but we are inclined to think that the effect would have been greater if *LADY ROXMORE* had not repeated the *whole* of the poem, as it was introduced into a previous portion of the drama; one of its best stanzas would have been sufficient to give reality to the ideal enchantment of which she is the minister. *GERALD* is resuscitated, but in the last part, entitled "*REST*," the tragic termination of the drama is near at hand. Here the double aspect of the poem disappears;—the *comedy* is merged into the *funeral*! In the final scene, he is restored to his beloved *EDITH*, to be tended by her care, consoled by her sympathy, and mourned by her sorrows. *His* thoughts, hallowed by Christian hope, look towards death and the state hereafter, while *she* trips artlessly away with the conversation to a less stern topic. There is much pathos in this disposition of the characters. With one circumstance, however, we must find some fault: as a point of art, we object to the introduction of a newspaper to the dying man, announcing that his fame is established: the tidings ought to have been communicated through another medium. Nay; we feel disposed to believe, that it would have been a bolder aim of genius if *GERALD* had been allowed to die without witnessing the homage paid to his powers at the eleventh hour. The resigned consolation attending worldly success is too often mistaken for the benign humility begotten by religion! The conclusion of the drama represents *EDITH* weeping over her deceased lover, and exclaiming, "*THY WILL BE DONE*." This is a moral truth full of significance, but it is one which the reader ought to have been allowed to express for himself, and we are scarcely inclined to applaud its being thus forced upon our attention in *Roman capitals*. "*GERALD*" is, perhaps, not so full of pathos as "*THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER*." In the latter production we have a noble erring female spirit quite o'erthrown, and suffering a punishment more than adequate to the offence. On the contrary, in "*GERALD*" we behold a heroic mind, exalted above its fellows and fulfilling its high destiny. We regard the death of the poet as the climax of his pro-

gress, rather than as a punishment for his failings; and we feel more prompted to congratulate the world for his life, than to indulge in regrets over his sorrows and his end.

Such is "GERALD,"—a work destined *to live*. We have been led into such a labyrinth of commentary, and our space is so much confined, that we find it impossible to give the reader those passages of the poem which would enable him to form an idea of its excellence. Mr. Marston's style is very chaste, logical, and grammatical: his thoughts are profound, and yet so lucid, that they win their way to the very core of the heart and mind with the most convincing and bewitching power. The growth of a drama is lost when its scenes are separated from each other; those which are most dramatically excellent can least bear isolation. The following extracts are, perhaps, most suitable for our purpose of representing the spirit in which "GERALD" is written. The first is, GERALD's assertion of the *practical* uses of poetry.

"Fiction! Poetry
Lives but by truth. Truth is its heart. Bards write
The life of soul—the *only* life. Each line
Breathes life—or *nothing*. Fiction! Who narrates
The stature of a man, his gait, his dress,
The colour of his hair, what meats he loved,
Where he abode, what haunts he frequented,
His place and time of birth, his age at death,
And how much crape and cambric mourned his end—
Writes a *biography*! But who records
The yearnings of the heart, its joys, and pangs,
Its alternating apathy, and hope,
Its stores of memory which the richer grow
The longer they are hived, its faith that stands
Upon the grave, and counts it as a beach
Whence souls embark for home, its prayers for man,
Its trust in Heaven, despite of man—writes *fiction*!
Get a new lexicon."

Take the following image, expressive of the utter mental prostration in which GERALD's trials have left him:—

"I saw a Seraph lapsed from golden spheres,
Upon a kindless ridge of rock, alight.
Her pitying Sisters beckon her from high
To their primeval realms. She sadly smiles,
And points for answer, *to her broken wing*!"

Our next quotation indicates the same feeling under a more bitter aspect:—

"There, to find
Memory confront me with the Ghost of Youth,
And pointing to the shattered wreck I am—
Cry 'Such is Progress!' Oh, this Nature deals
In rare varieties;—a worm converts
Into a beauteous voyager of air;
And to fulfil her cycle—as you see,
Degrades ethereal being to the worm's!"

Our final extract conveys GERALD's dawning perception of that true

greatness of character which religion peremptorily requires, and which alone it recognizes :—

- “ *Gerald.* Our Life’s affections are its sanctity,
 Its vestal fires! Should *they* die out, albeit
 In the Mind’s Temple every niche doth boast
 An intellectual glory—still the pile
 Loses its holiness—is desecrate!
- “ *Edith.* But surely thou hast taught this in thy page!
- “ *Gerald.* Oh! that my page had taught it to my heart.
 How much of self was mingled with my aims.
 I would have blest the world—dowered it with light,
 And joy, and beauty.—Ay! but then the world
 Must know *I* bless’d it. Pitiful! and vain—
 Diseased at core! I think at God’s great bar
 There will be fewer *evil deeds* condemned,
 Than *good deeds* for *ill ends* !”

We regret that, for the reasons before assigned, we can only bestow our passing but sincere commendation upon several beautiful poems which conclude Mr. Marston’s volume.

HISTORICAL GLANCE AT THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

BY R. H. HORNE.

IT is gratifying to find that the reconciled feelings of the English nation, with regard to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, which have of late years enabled us to contemplate his character and the actions of his life with a dispassionate judgment, and to admire in him all that we could discover worthy of admiration, did at length receive the public sanction of our government. An official communication having taken place between the cabinets of France and England, concerning the removal of the remains of the Emperor from St. Helena, the British ministers made the following frank reply :—

“ The government of her Britannic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities, which, during the life of the Emperor, armed England and France against each other. The British government hopes, that if such sentiments survive anywhere, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon.”

After this, we may hope to hear no more “ odious comparisons” and school-boy squabbles between “ French and English.” It will be only reasonable as well as generous for grown-up people, no less than school-boys, to cease to “ make game” of old antagonisms and unkind associations; at all events, it is certain, no one will reiterate the nonsense which once passed current amongst us, about “ Boney,” —“ The Corsican Monster,” —“ The Perfidious Tyrant,” —“ The

Blood-thirsty Usurper," and other vulgar melo-dramatic nick-names, to which no doubt abundance of meaning was attached twenty or thirty years ago, but every one of which was perfectly inapplicable to the object they were intended to typify. If our national feelings are "apt to be hot" at times, and carry us to extremes both in word and deed, we are equally open to generosity and forgiveness after our blood has cooled. But in the present case, the forgiveness must be mutual, if we are to be really reconciled with France; and it is now generally admitted that France has by far the most to forgive. Cordially offering, therefore, our own hand, we look to France for that first element of reconciliation.

Governments are by no means disposed to be very warm-hearted, for that would look undignified. They prefer to display the appearance of a cool and calculating understanding. If, therefore, the British government, as a remarkable exception, in the present instance, can declare itself to entertain the kindest disposition towards France and the memory of Napoleon, we may be quite sure that the British public must have long since entertained a similar feeling.

The character of Napoleon is open to so many different and opposite views, that no opinion should ever be formed of it, except by a fair consideration of all the great actions of his life. His military actions have hitherto nearly filled up every succinct account. They are only one part of his career. His civic actions were equally numerous, and of very superior value. He accomplished a vast number of the noblest things, many of which still exist, either substantially, or in full operative influence. He also committed some of the most grievous errors, the consequences of which were disastrous to large portions of the world, and finally to himself.

It has always been customary to attribute the ultimate fate, or downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, to his insatiable ambition and mad thirst for war and conquest. This is a vulgar error, originating with the period when he was popularly known in England only as "Boney, the Corsican Monster." On this mistaken notion, Sir Walter Scott's elaborate narration is founded; and the eloquent and high-minded Essay of Dr. Channing, who took Scott as his chief authority.

Channing's Essay is full of the finest principles of humanity and liberty, but is inapplicable to Napoleon, inasmuch as it is based on this old erroneous position, that all the wars of Napoleon were exclusively his own mad seeking. Many educated and enlightened minds adopted this view, and subsequently thinking there was no need to search further, they have not progressed with the public mind during the last twenty years. The common opinion of former times, as to this constant war-seeking, may be confuted simply by a fair investigation of the causes of each of his wars. Let the facts speak for themselves.

Napoleon rose from the people. When he commenced his career, the Revolution had overturned all the remains of the feudal system in France; the dominion of the privileged classes was at an end. If France at this period had been left to itself, there was no work for the leading minds of the country to perform, but to organize all institutions on the new basis of democracy. Instead of being left to itself,

that great and independent nation was attacked on every frontier by every monarch of Europe, with a view to compel it to resume its hereditary dynasty, and the feudal yoke of its aristocracy and its priesthood, which it had just cast off, by a mighty effort, at great sacrifices and with many crimes. The task of re-organizing, already too difficult for the minds of the new legislators, was rendered next to impossible, by the additional turmoil and destructive excitement of defending the country. Eight hundred thousand citizens in arms guarded their frontiers and their independence. It was, then, the monarchs of Europe created that military spirit in France, against which they so loudly declaimed, when they felt its consequences shake their own thrones.

The internal organization having been thus checked and thwarted in its first growth, disunion had already ensued ; and, in spite of the bravery of its armies, France was on the point of falling a prey to the combined monarchs, when the young general of the army of Italy, began to sweep off their best generals and armies in rapid succession. The torrent was abruptly checked. It was soon turned and impelled upon themselves. Ancient barriers and ancestral thrones were carried away, and sceptres, balls, and crowns of stately kings went tossing in the deluge before the hurricane which they themselves had raised.

Meanwhile, the young general had become the chief leader of the French people. Under whatever title he assumed, he possessed the absolute power. What use did he make of this power? Let us quote the words of one of his most constant and unsparing antagonists. " Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power," says Sir Walter Scott, " he proceeded advisedly and deliberately to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career, and which was, *the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state.*"* Those feudal institutions which had been overturned by the Revolution, but were struggling again into existence, he utterly and for ever abolished. The attempt to revive them after the fall of the Emperor only proved their inanity by its easy defeat. Legitimacy and divine right received their death-blow from the hand of Napoleon. Even the army was based on democracy. The conscription, " that energetic law," says Colonel Napier, " which he did not establish, but which he freed from abuse, and rendered great, national and enduring, by causing it to strike equally on all classes ; the conscription made the soldiers the real representatives of the people."† The mechanics, the peasantry, the masses, in short, were devoted to him : if a proof were wanting, the return from Elba was sufficient. Crime and pauperism diminished in his reign. " His power," says Napier, " was supported in France by that deep sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius, which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people ; by the love which they bore towards him, and still bear for his memory, because he cherished the principles of a just equality.

* Scott's " Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," vol. ix. p. 315.

† Napier's " Peninsular War," vol. vi. p. 242.

They loved him, also, for his incessant activity in the public service, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility and grandeur, never stood still; under him, the poor man never wanted work. He left no debt.”*

“In spite of all the libels,” said Napoleon to O’Meara, at St. Helena, “I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good that I have done, with the faults that I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy about the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man; my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a Code of Laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing, I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. Europe was at my feet. My ambition was great, I admit, but it was the ambition of a calm, indifferent nature, (*d’une nature froide*) and caused by events and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was, *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, (the career open to talents), without distinction of birth or fortune, and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much.”*

That this Man of the People should have all the legitimate Kings as his enemies, is a result so very natural, that nobody can be surprised at it; nor, indeed, could it be other than an almost necessary result. But it was his fatal mistake, throughout his life, to believe that he could make them his friends and allies. At the beginning of his career, he thought to accomplish this by moderation and continual offers of peace, and by generosity and chivalrous magnanimity towards them: afterwards, when their determined hostility had become apparent, he hoped to coerce them to a reconciliation, and to force them by his measures of policy, and by the glory and power of his arms, to co-operate in his system of government, based on democracy instead of feudality. His imagination had pictured to him a Congress of Kings, yielding or subdued, and as he said, “rendering their accounts to the people, as a clerk does to his master.” He failed at Moscow, and from that day his stupendous dream, as to the co-operation of kings, was at an end. He left them in his ante-chamber, like his subjects: he returned and found them at the head of hostile armies. The forbearances he had exercised towards them, now enabled them to unload their smothered hatred and resentment in that plenitude of power, which he had chosen only to mutilate and cripple for a time, instead of utterly destroying. It required millions of hostile soldiers, and millions of English gold, to accomplish his ruin; and before these he fell, not because he was madly ambitious and burning for war and conquest,

* Napier’s “Peninsular War,” vol. vi. p. 241.

† “A Voice from St. Helena, by B. E. O’Meara, Esq.,” vol. i. p. 404.

but because, being the man of the people, he allied himself with the Kings.*

Of the Emperor Napoleon, as a man and in the relations of private life, there have seldom been two opinions among those who had any opportunities of knowing the truth, and any disposition to speak honestly. Sir Walter Scott, one of his most inveterate political opponents, gives the following description of his personal appearance and private character :—

“The countenance of Napoleon is familiar to almost every one, from description and the portraits which are found everywhere. The dark brown hair bore little marks of the attentions of the toilet. The shape of the countenance approached more than is usual in the human race to a square. His eyes were grey and full of expression, the pupils rather large, and the eyebrows not very strongly marked. The brow and upper part of the countenance was rather of a stern character. His nose and mouth were beautifully formed. The upper lip was very short. The teeth were indifferent, but were little shown in speaking. His smile possessed uncommon sweetness, and is stated to have been irresistible. The complexion was a clear olive, otherwise in general colourless. The prevailing character of his countenance was grave, even to melancholy, but without any signs of severity or violence. After death, the placidity and dignity of expression which continued to occupy the features, rendered them eminently beautiful, and the admiration of all who looked on them. Such was Napoleon's exterior. His personal and private character was decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received, provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was, however, placable in the case even of his enemies, providing that they submitted to his mercy ; but he had not that species of generosity which respects the sincerity of a manly and fair opponent. On the other hand, no one was a more liberal rewarder of the attachment of his friends. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and, unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother. General Gourgaud, whose communications were not in every case to Napoleon's advantage, states him to have been the best of masters, labouring to assist all his domestics wherever it lay in his power, giving them the highest credit for such talents as they actually possessed, and imputing, in some instances, good qualities to such as had them not. There was gentleness and even softness in his character.”†

As to the outrageous public crimes imputed to Napoleon, such as his poisoning the sick, murdering the prisoners, causing the assassination of Captain Wright, of the Duke d'Enghien, &c.—these are subjects which cannot be approached within the limits of this publication ; but they have all been carefully examined and fully discussed by the writer of the present paper, in the work to which a reference has already been made.

* See Observations on the Treaty of Tilsit, in “Tyas's Napoleon,” edited by R. H. Horne, vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

† “Scott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,” vol. ix. pp. 304, 305.

Of Napoleon as a civil ruler, a mere catalogue of his principal public works will afford the best materials for judging. It is only necessary to mention a few—such as his *Code Napoleon*; his fine commercial regulations; his admirable *Cadaastre*, or system of registration; the order and simplification he introduced into the finances. Agriculture and manufactures rose and improved under him to an extraordinary degree. Prisons and prison discipline were amended. A complete system of national education was founded, which he contemplated greatly extending. He constructed the great basins of Antwerp, Flushing, and Cherbourg; the ports of Dunkirk, Havre, Nice, and many others; the passages of the Simplon, Mont-Cenis, Mont-Génèvre, and the Corniche, opening the Alps in four directions. He made roads throughout France and Italy, too numerous to mention; built the bridges of Jena, Austerlitz, des Arts, Sèvres, Tours, Roanne, Lyons, Turin, Rouen, &c.; constructed the canal which joins the Rhine to the Rhone, uniting the seas of Holland with the Mediterranean; the canal between the Scheldt and the Somme; the canal of Arles, &c.; drained the marshes of Bourgoing, Corentin, Rochefort, &c. Paris owes to him the quais; the principal supply of water; the markets, and granaries; numerous public buildings, and the Grand Gallery of the Louvre; not to enumerate the arches and statues, and the renovation of some of its venerable churches and palaces. The increase of the population, and the diminution of crime and pauperism, in the reign of Napoleon, are unanswerable arguments in his favour, as a sovereign.

The statistical estimates of money expended by England against the principles of the French Revolution, from 1793 to the peace of Amiens in 1802, amount to £464,000,000. To support this expenditure, we borrowed £200,000,000; the interest of which, at the lowest rate, in thirty-eight years, amounts to £267,330,000. The war against Bonaparte, for the purpose of restoring the Bourbons, (which was virtually a continuation of the previous war,) lasted twelve years, and cost the enormous sum of £1,159,000,000. To support it, £388,000,000 were borrowed; the interest of which, in twenty-five years, amounts to £339,500,000. The gross cost to England, (without computing all sorts of enormous contingencies, civil, military, and maritime,) will therefore be £2,229,830,000. As for the loss of life, it is too dreadful to contemplate. Of British subjects, alone, who perished in those two wars, the lowest computation will amount to nearly seven hundred thousand men. The objects of these two wars, together with their results, were totally nullified and overthrown by a handful of resolute men of Paris, in three days; with the loss of a few score of lives, and at the expense of a little powder and street-pavement.

A WAIL FROM THE DEAD.

TRANSLATED FROM CASIMIR DE LA VIGNE.

BELoved!—from this sojourn of tears
 I come, o'erwhelmed with woes and fears,
 To beg your prayers in Charitie.
 You told me, bending o'er my bed—
 (They were the last—last words you said—)

“ Yea, if I live, I'll pray for thee.”

Ah, well-a-day!

Since, from your arms I died away,
 I hear no prayers ascend for me.

Ah, well a-day!

I listen—but you do not pray.

“ Oh, may thy soul, to Lido's steep
 Return,” you said, “ to see me weep!”

How fearless, then, my soul took wing!
 But, though, in pity for my doom,
 The clouds drop showers upon my tomb,
 No tear from you my sorrows wring.

Ah, well-a-day!

Heaven's anger reached me where I lay—
 Let your remorse disarm its sting.

Ah, well-a-day!

I weep: but oh, you do not pray.

Oh, woe is me, what worlds of woe
 Our passion's wild, but rapturous glow,
 None costs me in the drear domain,
 Where day, nor morn, nor evening feels;
 And Time's mute finger ever wheels
 O'er the blank Dial's hourless plane.

Ah, well-a-day!

To you mine arms instinctive stray,
 I watch, in such a haunt, in vain.

Ah, well-a-day!

I watch, in vain;—you do not pray.

Oh, 'ere my guilty course was run,
 One sorrowing sigh had Mercy won
 From him whose judgments now are dealt.
 Once and again repentance came,
 When Death, to warn me, o'er my frame,
 Breathed all unseen, but not unfelt.

Ah, well-a-day!

A Wail from the Dead.

Whilst happy in my arms you lay,
No penitence my heart could melt.

Ah, well-a-day!

I suffer, but you do not pray!

Bethink you, love, when once our barge
At even by Brenta's sylvan marge

Lay-to, till morn his beams restored.

Oh, call to mind those shadowy bowers,
The bank, the turf bestrewn with flowers,

Where oft you called me your *adored*.

Ah, well-a-day!

Death snatched me from your arms away.

With kisses flushed my spirit soared.

Ah, well-a-day!

I burn—but oh! you do not pray.

Fetch me, O fetch those jasmines sweet,
With which you strewed in that retreat

A pillow for my burning head!

Oh, fetch the lilacs blooming boughs,
That wept their freshness on my brows,

And my parched lips with moisture fed.

Ah, well-a-day!

Or place me 'neath their blossomy spray,
And let me quaff the dews they shed.

Ah, well-a-day!

I thirst—but still you do not pray.

In that same barge—my day gone by!—
Another charms you.—To her eye

My portrait needs must do despite.

Her jealous rage the relic threw

Deep in the waves—beloved!—and you—

You saw—and you allowed the slight!

Ah, well-a-day!

Why should my arms to-you-ward stray?

I murmur not—'twas right!—'twas right!

Ah, well-a-day!

'Tis past and gone!—you do not pray.

Farewell!—no more returning here

My wail shall vex your listless ear,

Since now you prize a rival's charms.

Oh, may her lips be fond and true.

I died—I suffer now for you.

Live on:—be happy in her arms.

Ah, well-a-day!

But sometimes, 'mid your amorous play,

Think on the abyss's dread alarms.

Ah, well-a-day!

I go:—But come not you this way.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET ELUCIDATED.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 381.)

THIS was the purpose we undertook at the conclusion of the paper which appeared in the Magazine of the foregoing month. To many, doubtless, the attempt will seem to have originated in a spirit that desired to gain applause by arrogating a power to look through mystery; but no inspiration is affirmed—a simple intelligence sufficient to interpret truth and to understand it, alone is presumed, and the faith of the reader only asked as his perceptions shall be satisfied. As in the previous paper all abstruse learning is rejected, we come to our task not to display what we have learnt, but to speak that which we know, and hoping attention but as such knowledge can be communicated. In this temper we begin our labour, forgetting all that has been written, and entreating our readers to do so also, that with unbiassed and clear minds we may proceed together, investigating a work which was published as a truth, and seeking in its pages, rather than in foreign aids, the clue to comprehend it in its singleness. Then, guided by our intelligence, and lighted by a sincere conviction that our author wrote, meaning his words to be intelligible, which, therefore, should be within our comprehension, let the reader candidly and trustfully join us, and proceed in company to enquire what good reason exists that this road should for so long a time have been declared inaccessible?

Taking up the subject from that point where the last paper left off, we must begin with directing attention to the peculiarities of Hamlet's condition, so as to comprehend the precise nature of that distemper with which his actions have shown him to be afflicted.

Hamlet speaks of himself as mad; and because circumstances have partially restored his senses when he so describes his distemper, his evidence, rejected on every other occasion, is on this admitted; yet that word which shall represent the deprivation of Lear and of Ophelia, the implacable hate of Timon, and the stupor of Pericles, may be misapplied if arbitrarily used to denote his calamity, which is accompanied by perceptions that enable him to dispute of his distemper, and even with a show of truth to deny its existence—

“It is not madness

I have uttered: bring me to the test,

And I the matter will record: which madness

Would gambol from.”

ACT III. Scene 4.

There is no reason to doubt the history of his father's death, and all the events connected with it were so impressed upon the mind of Hamlet as to enable him to recapitulate; yet this is a peculiarity of that condition which it is advanced to deny—madness in its earlier stages or less virulent forms ever being most retentive of the facts on which it feeds. On other matters it may be questioned whether the memory could have borne a similar ordeal. Hamlet's memory during his resi-

dence in the palace is by no means sure. In no case does he refer directly to any incident that occurs in the first four acts, though there existed reasons why he ought to have recalled every circumstance. Of space he has at the commencement of the drama a very imperfect recognition. Thus, in the first soliloquy, he contradicts himself—"But *two months* dead—nay, not so much, *not two*;" then he says, "And yet *within* a month;" and afterwards he fixes the limit as "*A little month*"—again to unsettle the point, declaring it to be "*within* a month." Of any power to recall the past he gives no proof. The play he never alludes to—Ophelia's conduct he never refers to—her father's death he never explains—he forgets he has passed the King, and loses sight of his determined course of behaviour to his mother. After he quits the palace he regains in some degree the weakened faculty, which, however, seems never to be perfectly recovered. To the last he continues dreamy. His account of his escape in the second scene of the fifth act is characterised far more by the feeling than the mind at work, and this complexion is enforced by the reference he makes to Laertes's cause against himself, for the resemblance between their injuries was so remote as regards the fact, and so removed as regards the truth, that had the memory been firm the comparison would never have been made, wherefore it may be doubted whether the test proposed, if fairly tried, would have given an answer of sanity. To Hamlet's opinion of himself, had he been calm when he pronounced it, no credit can be attached, as who has visited an asylum without being distressed by hearing parallel assertions uttered with every outward appearance of veracity?

Hamlet is not so afflicted as to be past restraint. Even in his paroxysms a sudden check will recall his reason, and sometimes these flashes of intelligence occur with a brilliancy which enables him to discover his own condition—dividing his being, as it were—that Hamlet sane warns of Hamlet mad. Thus, after he has leaped into Ophelia's grave, Laertes seizing him, the shock, he being a Prince, and holding his person sacred, affrights the impulse, and he says—

"I pray thee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!"

ACT V. Scene 1.

Nor has his malady gained such confirmed strength but it can exhaust itself, for his caution to Laertes not being obeyed, Hamlet by resistance is wrought to a rage that burns to cope impossibilities, which distraction exploding, the defiance concludes with—

"Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou."

ACT V. Scene 1.

Which is not a sneer, as some actors deliver it, but an anti-climax natural to his condition, when, the phrenzy being spent, reason gleams upon his brain.

Thus, incapable of a sustained transport, and open to restraint when excited, of course in calmer moods a less powerful agency would operate to his recall; and in ordinary circumstances the sight of out-

ward objects is sufficient to hold Hamlet's mind from grossly wandering. The presence of any person brings him back to partial consciousness, though not to perfect reason, for the symptom repressed does not insist the disorder is removed. So to the King, to Rosencrantz, to Guildenstern, to Horatio, and, indeed, to all others when not irritated. Hamlet may be said to be to a certain extent sane. He remarks, observes, and judges of their motives and their actions truly, yet with a quickness that betrays a heated mind; but in his conduct he ever displays a disregard of social customs, which a belief in his assumption would not reconcile, as he is continually forgetting the character he would personate, and still is in his behaviour strange. Nay, when in his mother's presence, most anxious to repudiate his "antic disposition," he cannot *then* resume any regulated propriety of manner. His distemper is a subtle madness of an ever-pervading nature, which admits of no perfectly lucid interval. He is out of his senses through the play, and yet in his reason, or using other words, he has lost *consciousness* while he retains *conscience*, which last is even enlarged by his distemper. There is but one place in the whole drama in which the junction of those two great faculties needed to constitute a sound mind can be said to be exhibited by Hamlet. When death is upon him his mind is restored, and, for the first time, the Prince perceives his own condition, in conjunction with the circumstances by which it is surrounded:—

Hamlet. I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched Queen, adieu!
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes and audience to this act,
 Had I but time (as this fell serjeant, Death,
 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—
 But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Horatio. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
 There's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet. As thou'rt a man—
 Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.
 Oh, God. Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?" &c.

Here he contemplates his position and its consequences. He regards the world, and is solicitous about opinion, which is a reach of vision Hamlet during the Drama has not exhibited. He has been abstracted, removed from the world. In the heat of passion he sometimes for a moment has descended, but nowhere else does—he rest on earth, and calmly recognise the features that surround him. When passion does not stir, his malady is simply portrayed in eccentricity, which the high breeding of Hamlet insensibly controls; so, while as a Prince he was exposed to severest losses, therefore most likely to be stricken, he was also most refined, and, consequently, best suited to portray mental alienation on the public stage; and in this is perceived the delicate judgment exercised by the great master in the selection of his characters.

Remissness in deportment was consequent on a want of appreciation

for actual occurrences. The world having lost its reality, the mind could not worship it in its customs. Hamlet is abstracted, and the usual result of such a state—as seen in scholars—is imprudence in temporal affairs, and forgetfulness in courtesy, both of which he exhibits in an extraordinary degree, because the subject of his contemplation was more absorbing, and he is lunatic only in the consequent exaggeration of a tendency to which his studious habits may have predisposed his nature.

Yet on abstract questions Hamlet can philosophize with soundest argument; and this has been the stumbling-block to the understanding of his character; for men ask, "*How can we deem him mad who can on reason thus refine?*" Strange as this seems when stated, looking to Nature for an explanation, it will be found no anomaly in her laws, though it is opposed to the rules of art, especially the Dramatic, in which there pervades an unfortunate love of one thing entirely. We appear slow to learn there can be no such reality as a straight line, and unwilling to admit the belief in the possibility depends simply on the defectiveness of our vision, as there are few substances so compact but the microscope can show their surfaces to be ragged. No less the mind, however polished, can never be made smooth or completely level. The component particles will still present innumerable curves which, though the congregate, indicate the straight direction, all must break the line; and this perceived in soundest intellects, in the exceptions, we shall find the subtlest sanity and most decided madness may in the same brain be housed; for Clare, the living stain on England's charity, from the asylum has sent forth a volume which reason reads to wonder at, and, as he in poetry, so on abstract questions, Hamlet is more than sane, whose philosophy sports not with the subject of his grief; and what does the word monomania represent if such be pronounced a fiction?

The mystery which has been supposed to involve this character, was made by the scholar endeavouring to make it conform to his refinements; for as Shakspeare's plays are truths, so are all simple in their clearness; and had the interpretation been sought in the right spirit, it surely had been found, there being no attempt to mystify, but on the contrary, the feelings tutored to help the understanding. It being the essential of Dramatic writing,—of which this Play is the paragon—to be profound only in simplicity, therefore Shakspeare has interspersed such intimations of his intent as, had not theory confounded judgment, could not for this long period have been mistaken.

The uncle and the mother of the Prince, were they alone, who could have that familiar knowledge of his disposition, wanted to judge its waywardness; and, added to this, they alone knew those facts which were needed to aid the judgment. Their testimony is therefore most important, and the Queen, when told by Polonius he has found "The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy," spite of the confidence expressed, to her consort says,—

"I doubt it is no other than the main,
His father's death, and our o'er hasty marriage."

Act II. Scene 2.

To which the guilty conscience of the King, before the Play informed it, adds all the deeper reasons :—

“ There’s something in his soul
O’er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.”

ACT III. *Scene 1.*

The importance of the speakers to the Drama, the principal characters being necessarily devoted to exemplify the passion which the inferior therefore explain, throws additional weight on the ideas they promulgate, which clearly indicate the general design, and fully prepare for the developement, and therefore without gathering together the numerous testimonies—all of similar description—to support a fact these appear sufficient to establish, we shall pass on to notice what has been generally regarded as the strange and unjustifiable bearing of the Prince towards Polonius.

One who from the customs of the Tudors had imbibed his notions of a palace, might conceive the possibility of the amenities being wholly discarded from a Court—but set that aside—and neither in reality nor poetry is it imperative an admiration for the daughter should generate or spring from an affection for the father. The two feelings are distinct, and not unusually in opposition; therefore Polonius, who loves not Hamlet’s person, has no positive claim to regard beyond what his personal merit could advance, which is not such as might win respect. The old man displays only the worst features of senility; and had not his vices been weakened down to follies, and so relieved by humour, the character would provoke no emotion, save disgust, in its exhibition. Earthly business is well nigh over with him, yet, like a hearted courtier, Polonius bows lowest at the parting. He is mean, conceited, garrulous, uncharitable, and officious—indeed, as Hamlet truly terms him, a

“ Wretched, rash, intruding fool.” ACT III. *Scene 4.*

The condition of grief makes the Prince jealous of his privacy—the only subject on which Hamlet—

“ Niggard of questions,” ACT III. *Scene 1.*

expresses any curiosity being concerning the motives of those who appear about him for seeking his presence. Thus,—

“ What make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?” ACT I. *Scene 2.*

And to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,—

“ But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinor?”
ACT II. *Scene 2.*

while of persons who in ordinary moods might have escaped particular notice :—

“ What players are they?”—“ How chances it they travel?”
ACT II. *Scene 2.*

each inquiry followed up with an untiring interest—the first answer in no case giving satisfaction.

Painfully offensive, therefore, must be the impertinence of Polonius, the self-constituted spy on, and would-be showman of poor Hamlet’s

lunacy ; incessantly hovering about the Prince, and arrogating all the privileges of the physician, with every licence of the father. So long as he lives, Hamlet cannot move without encountering Polonius's annoyance. The meddling dotard every where intrudes only to confuse and irritate ; not content to do this alone, he sets others on, and becomes the head and chief of the Prince's torments—twice behind the arras—incessantly playing with his victim's feelings—fumbling soreness with a palsied hand till agony strikes out and hits the chafer.

And what was to charm endurance ? Hamlet could not even find the poor palliation of good intentions to allay his anger. The good master, so recently worshipped, Polonius had consigned to the perfect rest of "blessed memory:" and towards the Prince, who as heir apparent, had formerly been courted with genuflexions, though habit preserves some outward ceremony, the old man betrays a total forgetfulness of the feeling in which loyalty formed etiquette, which insensibility the fawning to the usurper could not recommend to the favourable notice of Hamlet : a token of whose natural urbanity is perceived when—while passion leaves him reason—the most painful provocations call forth no rebuke, beyond a few hasty words—do not breed a rooted hate, cannot tempt to retaliation—but satisfied to repel the nuisance, others are forbid to bate it—nay, charity casts protection round its weakness—

"Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not."

ACT II. Scene 2.

Moreover, Hamlet's brief retorts are either unheard, or the known magnanimity of the Prince restrains the other characters, for they presume to no rejoinder, and Polonius's most hippopotamus conceit never feels the shaft. The death being unintentional, the cruelty of Hamlet's treatment of Polonius cannot be established, because it causes no suffering ; but, on the other hand, Polonius's foolery subjects the Prince to irritation, is the main cause of aggravating his distemper, the means of his involvement, and ultimately the reason of his death.

The character of Polonius has been considerably admired as wisdom in decay—not yet decayed—the idea being derived from the advice given to his son when about to resume his travel ; but excellent as that counsel is, he were a very silly parent who had not a few saws ready for such an occasion. The maxims too were book ones in Elizabeth's time, and from the term with which they are announced, were certainly intended to be heard as quoted proverbs—the weakest minds being ever best furnished with such material.

"And these few *precepts* in thy memory."

ACT I. Scene 3.

The glibness with which they are delivered, plainly shows the memory and not the mind at work.

The daughter is glorified by her age and death ; for without her youth and her misfortunes, which tint her character, Ophelia had never been received into that high admiration in which she is now almost universally held, even as an ideal saint. They who in her case also dwell on Hamlet's cruelty, assume her love for him—but it would be hard to elucidate such a feeling on her part from the Drama.

Her remarks after the scene which has been so often commented on, are not pregnant with deep passion, and may be thought altogether deficient, as little more than a stranger to affection must have spoken. She has no responsive assurance of Hamlet's truth, though "*all the vows of Heaven*" had given it countenance. Without attempting its defence, she hears it slandered by them who had never heard it sworn: and for a suspicion based only on general inference, on the first occasion consents to renounce it. Wanting the confidence which hallows affection, and makes it secret in its sacredness, she literally reports on Hamlet's conduct, and could not prize the trust she so abused.

She acts under the guidance of her father—so far she behaves with propriety—but she proves herself deficient in that elevated devotion which had endued her with a purer principle of action: for after she has mentally destroyed her privilege, she accepts his letters and exposes what was written in the abandonment of faith, to the known illiberality of her father and the court. Vanity she inherited as Polonius's daughter, and proves her birth in the over-haste to attribute Hamlet's distraction to the splendours of her beauty—

"*Polonius.* Mad for thy love?

Ophelia.

My Lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it."

ACT II. Scene 1.

By which she thrice convicts her nature—of falsehood, having by her silence libelled the affection she never thought was base—of hardness of heart, having lived beside his sufferings without conceiving he had cause to grieve—of want of love, having by her terror proved the source of truest courage was not in her heart,—all which to confirm, and add the lack of charity, she subsequently tampers with his supposed affliction, and seemingly of herself aggravates the severity of the trial.

During the Play she evinces no sensibility—the presence restrained her—but earthly forms are gauze on human feelings—and no etiquette compelled her to coquette in a manner which her own thoughts, and Hamlet's position to herself, render distasteful to every conception of ideal virginity. And when mad, he holds no place in her shattered fancy. Hamlet's image never recurs, though her mind does occasionally revert to the past; wherefore it is reasonable to conclude love affected not her intellect, but the death of her father happening at a period of excitement, overpowered a very weak mind, joined to prettily inclined fancy—as to such a nature her wanderings perceptibly belong.

To explain Ophelia's character, the constituents of the human mind must be considered, which are mainly those faculties that for perspicuity may be classed as the imaginative and the sympathetic; the last being the connecting link between mankind and nature; the first the aids to the perception of abstract truth or religion. In the higher order of minds these faculties are balanced and united, each elevating the other, but in the lower kind one usually predominates and engrosses the other, both being debased. Thus, persons who have the sympathetic faculty in the greatest intensity, always lend their ima-

ginations to the literal; and persons who have the imaginative, invariably sympathize only with the fictitious; instances of which last disposition may be commonly remarked in those who can weep over a narration, but who will look upon misery unmoved. Minds of the latter description, unable to reach the highest rule of action, seek a guide in what is termed "*propriety*." Their imaginations form rules of conduct, which their feelings never tempt them to violate. So Ophelia perceives filial duty, and this her unaided imagination makes her regard as the whole of virtue. She does not see that the same LAW which makes every individual personally responsible, insists that every creature must dictate the act by which that responsibility is to be incurred. She scrupulously obeys her father, without daring to question whether so awful a trust as moral responsibility can be resigned to mortal dictation, or whether he, who was her parent, was fitted to accept it. She cannot attain that sphere of morality, frequently declared in passages of the New Testament, which contemplates the possibility of the parent being righteously abandoned for the truth, but continues the slave of man, incapable of being the child of God. She is a creature of a mean intellect, and beings of her nature are they who most flagrantly violate the poor standard of conduct they set up for their religion. She would be immaculate, but is only insensible. When Hamlet is mad, she treats him as one who had lost all claim on humanity, not seeing that affliction is a bond to affection. She has no feeling with his passion, there is not an expression of her's that speaks any warmth of sympathy—and people of this apparently cold disposition, commonly revel in imagination;—so though in sympathy Ophelia is ice, in imagination she is fire. It is in secret only she can contemplate affection or indulge in sorrow,—all candour would be against propriety; and again, with persons of this mood, though their feelings are dumb, their sufferings are long, and naturally tend to insanity. Hamlet's resentments, vented in insults, could not but pain her, the more as they were outrages on propriety. Yet the symptoms of agony are suppressed, and we never learn she has suffered, or know the nature of her musings, till reason has ceased to guard her speech.

Hamlet's deportment towards Ophelia was characterized by all those attributes which she wanted. When he has resolved to put on what he believes to be an antic disposition, the first person he seeks is the lady, lady, lest the report of his insanity should too deeply pain her; and though he doubtless had some further object, he gallantly foregoes it to relieve her of his presence the instant he perceives she is distressed; but writes immediately on his retiring, to assure her the sentiment in which he thought her interested was unaltered. That letter, released from the running commentary, far from justifies the conclusion the father would extract from it. "*Beautified*" is a vile phrase, seen through Polonius's spectacles—who, wrong in all his premises, was not likely to be very right in any of his deductions, and certainly was not in this instance; for read in conjunction with the breathing of the whole, "*beautified*," is a term as elegant as it is delicate; and the passion that speaks throughout gives to it a meaning, the fulness of which no other word in the English language could convey.

"To the celestial, my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia, in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be liar,
But never doubt I love.

"O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is in him.

"Hamlet."

Pity and admiration are the feelings excited in us by these exquisite lines, and neither extend to her who could read them with indifference, or resign them to the cold speculation of disinterested eyes. The sentences were penned in sincerity; and to an unbiassed mind, though they confess the heart is ill at rest, bear no evidence of insanity in the one feeling to which they are devoted.

Ophelia was the sole creature whom Hamlet could regard as unchanged; and from his contemplative disposition, the hopes that were synonymous in his thought with her name, would grow more endeared by their loneliness. She made the quiet spot where his soul could expect to rest, if the tumult of present passion should ever pass away from him. All around—all in his own breast—was the contrast of that devotion which he bore her. Fearful would sound the voice which told him she also was faithless; for it would tear hope from the wretched, and cast him forth to utter desolation.

That halo love throws round the sex his mother had destroyed; that ideal of feminine perfection which the passion conjures up, and which not only makes man seem better, striving to assimilate his nature to the sweet belief he worships, but purifies his heart, making his anger strengthless, held not possession of Hamlet's mind; but in its stead insanity was lurking there to spur wrath to furor. A quarrel now provoked and what is there to temper his resentment? Therefore if, in his reproaches, Hamlet please not our conceptions of the Prince, let us remember what he has endured—think what then he feels, and, in his suffering, judge him as a man.

Deep reflections have withdrawn his thoughts from strife, and his mind is soothed when he perceives Ophelia, to whom there is a gentle gladness in his greeting:—

"Hamlet."

Soft ye now!

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Good, my Lord.

How does your honour for this many a day?

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The want of the ease and flow of the preceding speeches observable in this last line, betrays emotion, and shows a sudden revulsion has been caused in Hamlet's feelings. What did Ophelia say to thus startle Hamlet? What did she? She returned, or offered to return to him those "*remembrances*" which, as the lover, he had presented, and which she had received in token of her acceptance of his love. What construction is now and ever was put upon a lady returning the presents of her suitor? Ophelia, by this conduct, plainly intimates she will no more consent to his addressing her, and unnecessarily adds, it has "*long*" been her wish to make her determination known to him.

He amazed, incapable of belief, shrinks back, and cannot take the proofs that nothing loves him, expressing his unwillingness to receive the gifts under a form of speech not unusual in similar circumstances. Ophelia, however, sees not, or will not comprehend his feeling.

"*Ophelia.* My honoured lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words, of such sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost;
Take them again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind:—
There, my lord."

With repeated determination, positiveness, self-praise, and inferred reproach, she here tells Hamlet of his affection for her, and insists on its warmth at the instant she is rejecting it for ever. When in distraction he assumed his madness, she had been the foremost consideration in his thoughts; and now, the first time he conversed with her, she declares, in calmness, he had no place in hers. If she believed him mad, her act was inconsistent with her belief—it was against nature she should torture him;—if she thought him sane, his letter had assured her of his sincerity. He would not pause to reflect how far a prince, though injured, might still be a desirable consort for the lady of the Court; he could not view himself with another's eyes, but looking with his own, would remember how he had been received when the expectant heir of Denmark, and contrast the smiles then lavished on him, with the cold composure with which he was discarded, now his hope was plundered. No brief word of introduction—no womanly pity or generous sympathy for his feelings or his misfortunes; but the subject rudely and tersely forced on by her whom he had expected to cling to him, and to whom, when calamity, like a raging sea, beat over him, he had firmly clung.

"*Hamlet.* Ha! ha!—Are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord?

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia. Can beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet. Ay, truly: for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once."

The transparent device of reading on a book to cover loneliness with show of such an exercise could not deceive the sharpened eye of Hamlet, who would conceive instantly Ophelia was acting in obedience to her father's policy; and the thought would for a moment ease the bitterness of his passion—wherefore he cautions her to admit no discourse to her beauty—not to allow Polonius to tamper with her better feelings, by inflaming her mind with hopes drawn from her personal attractions, and so induce her to release herself from an engagement, the realization of which Hamlet's condition made uncertain, though in pity the more binding. The complacent flippancy of Ophelia's reply—appropriating the personal compliment without regarding the purport of the speech—dispels the doubt, and Hamlet becomes assured of her inconstancy, accusing her that her beauty has made her vain, and corrupted her sincerity.

In this view, the application of the subsequent speeches becomes apparent, and the actuating jealousy intelligible. We understand Hamlet's offensive slander of his love: his taunts at Ophelia's marriage, which, in his rage, he might conclude was to speedily follow his rejection: his wish she should enter a nunnery: his contempt for her father's foolery: his after reference to woman's love as the exemplification of brevity: his frequently quitting, and the impulse which recalls him: and the reason of the king's remark upon his conduct, who perceived the motive for excitement was great enough to excuse in some degree the violence of its expression;—though ignorant of the depth of Hamlet's affection, he of course could not recognize its purity, in the eccentricities of its resentment,

“ Love! his affections do not that way tend;
And what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness.”

To those who insist a Drama should display the continuity of the Epic, and hold it imperative to sustain the passion each character on re-entrance should speak from the last line of the previous exit, the total change in Hamlet's bearing, from the raving of the discarded lover to the self-possession of the lecturer, may read somewhat discordant. Such violent transitions, however, are natural to grief, in the mysteries of which Shakspeare—who seems to have bestowed on Hamlet much of what we conceive to have been his own nature—may have been sadly initiated by the loss of his only son, Hamnet, who was taken from him at that age when the buds of a father's hope begin to swell and show their future colour—for so perfect a picture of engrossing sorrow it is hard to conceive could have resulted from unenforced observation.

The necessity for schooling the players will be found in the reason which caused them to be employed. That the design might produce its effect, it was essential to have it properly executed; yet the nature of the plot forbade Hamlet to pay any close attention to the rehearsals of the play—he could not direct a mean tampering with the horrid reality of his father's murder as it were a common pageant; but he was interested to have the exhibition freed from the distortions of the stage; therefore he lays down rules whereby the actors may regulate their art, and so secures his object without attracting attention to

what he desired should be unobserved ; a prudence into which he was forced more by the state of his inclination than by any perception of the danger an opposite conduct must have provoked.

We now arrive at a portion of the Drama which several of our foremost critics have agreed in pronouncing so blemished as to warrant their attributing its supposed defects to the impertinent garrulity of the players, a reason which, falling in with prejudice, has generally been held sound. Against the conjecture, however, stands the fact, that the tragedians who have ever represented Hamlet, are that class among actors least disposed to embellish their author ; nevertheless candour acknowledges the character appears not to have been always performed in the modern style of heavy tragedy, as by Johnson's remark, which seems to refer only to the effect produced in the theatre—" *The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth*"—an intimation is given of a very different reading of the part to that now adopted by the stage. Wherefore, after all, perhaps the conclusion must be sought in those reasons which can be adduced to reconcile to nature those passages that are deemed objectionable ; and these appear so numerous, strong, and applicable, that we perceive no blemish, but a higher beauty ; no falling off, but a sustained perfection ; no defect, but a grace beyond the reach of art.

There is a desire natural to man to laugh out of season, an excitement which approaches so close to the truth of jocularly, as only to be separated from it by detecting the absence of kindness in its expression, instances of which are found in the huzza of charging armies—the jests that mostly prelude murders, and the mirth called up in multitudes by spectacles of unmitigated horror. Such merriment is in its nature an indecency ; and as it had prostituted the mind—verbal proprieties and courteous observances are always discarded in its exhibition—for charity being dethroned, the impulses are in rebellion, and find an unholy stimulant to anarchy, rioting over all minor dictations.

During this scene, before Hamlet sits the mother who had disgraced him by the murder of his father, on the throne of his inheritance ; around stands the court, which had betrayed him in his sorrow, greedy of the pleasure he could never again enjoy ; at his side was she who had latest injured him, and whose cruelty suffering had left his manhood no sternness to endure ; and in this presence he beheld enacted all that had made him mad, while danger hung suspended on the issue. The combination was too powerful for a stoic's firmness ; and to excite the unnatural laughter before alluded to as common to mankind, was the hysterical disposition of his malady, when reference was pointedly made to the inflamed sympathies out of which it originated. In malicious latitude of speech he finds a relief ; but by the turbulence of his gaiety betrays the fierceness of the revengeful spirit it disguised. His jests are all unkindly ; with every better feeling Hamlet is then at war, striving to shock and pain ; and reckless of all save as it may minister to his savageness. Who has not, though in a less degree, felt the temptations of this evil spirit ? We have seen children worked on by its impulse.

Hamlet indulges his humour till he becomes wholly subjected to its influence. It acts upon him like an inspiration ; and when the King

retreats before him he is rendered by it less than human—his rage is as the roaring of an animal—passion in sound but not in sense portrayed.

If the dialogue be investigated subsequent to the flight of the usurper, throughout this scene Hamlet will be found teeming with irrepressible rancour: his temper wholly changed, the sweetness of his disposition entirely soured, and he in that frightful mood which alone could introduce the following appalling soliloquy:—

“’Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O, heart, lose not thy nature! Let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals, never my soul consent.”

ACT III. Scene 2.

The commencement declares a zest for blood, and afterwards the danger he prays to escape from announces the peril in which Hamlet stands. Nature is absent from his heart, and the soul of Nero has possession of his bosom. He is unnatural. The mildest resolve he can adopt is to speak *daggers*. He cannot contemplate being otherwise than *cruel*. Not to slay his parent will be a forced hypocrisy, and the possibility of his mother's prostration before him he regards only as a temptation to his savageness. Remembering what Hamlet by nature is, we see what passion has transformed him to. Every word he utters bespeaks him wrought past human stops. He has become demoniac; in which horror Hamlet surprises the King, and has the power of instant revenge; but having firmly resolved not to deal with death in the confusion of his mind, he is duped by this determination, and his subtle fancy readily invents an argument to pacify his resisting judgment, adopting as a certainty the superstition that men slain in prayer were thereby pardoned, whereon he decides to wait till

“He is drunk asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell whereto it goes.”

ACT III. Scene 3.

A motive so repulsive that many have judged it unnatural to Hamlet and a blot upon the Drama; but regarded in the conception of the prevailing passion its truth cannot be disputed. Hamlet being the slave of an unnatural rage, his mind has become depraved and can contemplate only horror. He has even a relish for its rankness, and a gentle thought would have been as tempting to his malignity as confections to the palate of the hyena.

Many also have wondered that Hamlet shows no remorse upon Polonius's death; but what would the sight of blood be to him whose

appetite was to drink it? So infuriated is he, to do horror is his pleasure, reckless on whom—almost without the power to distinguish the person his phrenzy springs at. To expect him to feel remorse or express pity, charity being banished from his nature, is to express ourselves strangely ignorant of our own impulses. The spirit of the tigress raging for her young has taken possession of his heart, and his revenge rates life as nothing, nor feels more for having killed than for a casual act, which over, is forgotten—for, turning to his mother, Hamlet, with bloody hands, upbraids her for the lack of charity.

As this scene is read, and the spirit lashing its own phrenzy is perceived, each speech a climax, wonder is excited that the hand forbears to strike; every sentence appears the herald to assault: and but for the timely counsel of the Ghost, there seems no other possible ending than retribution consummated by the dagger of the son. The apparition, however, absorbs the strength of Hamlet's furor, but does not give him back to humanity. The mind is held by one idea, and beyond that he can neither feel nor think. Though in that single conception his sympathies are tender unto madness, beyond its limits he has no sensation. He pulls the body of Polonius after him with a jeer, and rejoices in the hope that his voyage to England will expose him to a contest with villany, the anticipation being as unnatural as the act, only not so frequently remarked, because it is not so abhorrently developed.

While Hamlet remains in the palace he does not recover any placidity of temper. In the subsequent scenes, the two brief ones in the fourth act, to offend, provoke, and defy, is the purpose of all his replies. But when he gets without the walls, and looking on new scenes in some degree subsides his irritation, then, meeting the army led to a dispute of honour, his thoughts recur to his own acts, and he cannot conceal from himself a great incentive has been answered by no result. For this want of action he reproaches himself, attributing his dulness to a cowardice engendered by a too nice moral caution.

If, however, the present view of his character be correct, Hamlet's is perhaps the very last evidence which, unless strongly corroborated, should be permitted to influence our judgments; yet from this soliloquy the majority of the commentators have substracted their premises, and all seem to have agreed upon one point of his character, namely, that Hamlet constantly delays. Such, however, appears to be a false conclusion. Hamlet nowhere delays, but rather hinders his progress by over-impetuosity than anywhere pauses to deliberate. Had he possessed a capability for deliberation, he is deficient in none other of the faculties needful for the attainment of his purpose:—

“Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't.”

ACT IV. *Scene 4.*

To all which his conduct adds a heart that made joy of danger, and a mind that had lost conception of personal peril.

Hamlet never forms any plan, and it is obviously impossible to prove he delayed what was never proposed. He is resolved to do something, but cannot collect his thoughts so as to definitely determine what that something shall be, though he is decided as to the colour of the result. The usurper is to die; but by what means his death is to

be accomplished, when, where, or how, the prince never even essays to conjecture. Glimpses of the necessity of concocting a plot occur to him, yet there is nothing like arrangement in his ideas; but conceiving a part—without debating its relative importance or judging it otherwise than with his predilections—he devotes all to its realization. The whim of the moment is followed as it were his destiny, and no prudential whisperings, or spoken cautions can tempt him to delay; thus, for instance, the message from the Queen, desiring him

——“to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play,”
ACT V. *Scene 2.*

points a meaning which Hamlet's heart reads rightly, foreboding evil; to which double warning Horatio adds entreaty—

“If your mind dislike anything, obey it.” ACT V. *Scene 2.*

No! He defies augury; and, as ever, without touching on the subject he should investigate, finds very subtle arguments to justify his inclination; for, though nearly sane and free from passion, he cannot even then poise his patience against his will, but hastes to meet his fate.

Hamlet is an illustration of how great grief intoxicates the purest minds, and thereby unfits for action. He is always doing, yet does nothing but exhaust himself, and waste the energies which alone could help him to achieve.

In conclusion, to confirm the truth of this, the present, view, we will attempt to show that Hamlet was of a disposition likely to be powerfully worked upon by sorrow; and that his affections, which induced insanity, were also the check upon his madness, keeping it from raging into phrensy or total darkness of mind.

When first he grieved, Hamlet sought his chamber, to conceal the weakness of his sorrow; and while there locked in, the world deserted him, not he the world, for the paroxysm having past, he came forth resentless to endure. Though still afflicted, he had no man forbear because the noise of mirth was painful to his brain—he marred not the society he could not participate, nor interrupted the business it fatigued him to see transacted; he moved quietly, shunning nothing, hating nothing, demanding no observance for his state. His misery, devoid of pride or petulance, humbly requesting leave to seek a retirement where contemplation might restore the sympathies calamity had stunned; for Hamlet wished not to escape from his affections, which, faint to death, their health absorbed, were yet capable of being revived. The mimicry of feeling, the actor's tear, recalls them to sensation; and he, thus awakened, startles at the image of himself, shrinks from the sight of that he has become, and, in the wonder he expresses at the change, greatly paints the likeness of that beauty which his soul once bore. How finely Shakspeare has here instanced the dramatic purpose as in this very play declared—making its hero in the mimic glass behold himself—seeing affection acted, to perceive the torpor stealing o'er his heart:—

“O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,”

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her workings, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing:
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free:
Confound the ignorant; and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled rascal, peak,
Like John o'dreams, unpregnant to my cause,
And can say nothing: no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? give me the lie i' the throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With the slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why what an ass am I? This is most brave:
That I the son of a dear Father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words.
And fall a cursing, like a very drab;
A scullion!

Fye upon't! Foh!"

What is all this but the heart lamenting over its sympathies; Hamlet in memory as he was abhorring Hamlet in feeling as he is—teaching us the store he set by those affections over whose diminution he now exclaims? A kind and noble nature is declared by his perfect confidence in Ophelia's faith after all others had proved treacherous. His young blood had lost the heat that warms desire; his mind had been deprived of the ideal that gives the highest grace to beauty; yet, as if to love were an instinct of his nature which madness or reason could not banish, Hamlet retains the feeling undiminished, and by his fury for its loss proves how dearly it was treasured. Nor does he afterward neglect Ophelia; he cannot conceal the passion of his regret which time seems not to tame. At the play, when every thing concurred to distract his thoughts, to her he speaks alone, showing the heart was with her; and if his speech be harsh, is there no pathos in the rudeness of great sorrow? He does not speak her name after he quits her grave, but his silence breathes the thought, for he resolves to seek

Laertes's pardon, and humbly does so; the last word of his concession tremblingly insinuating the wedded memory which rendered it.

"Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt *my brother*."

ACT V. Scene 2.

Yet, perhaps, the brightest evidence of the native purity of Hamlet's mind, is given immediately after his repulse from Ophelia, when—she having discarded all have proved treacherous—his gentle heart, like a child, terrified at loneliness, hastens to fling itself upon the breast of Horatio. The greatness of Hamlet's soul could not be tutored to suspect. Such a nature could not be goaded to misanthropy. But how deeply-rooted must have been that goodness, which, on the top of so great and such numerous treasons, could form new friendships and never waver after in them; for the unity between the friends is perfect, as the imprudence of the selection is beautiful; poverty and good spirits not being those qualities, prudence would have commended most in the sole confidant of a prince beset with danger and seeking to dethrone a tyrant. The imprudence of the choice is the evidence of its sincerity; and the return once sought, worldly considerations, state and title, though a prince interested and educated to insist on ceremony, stand not between Hamlet and the object of his trust. The love that is asked is also given without reservation. Friendship makes the prince and the soldier of fortune level. Horatio is the equal in the compact; his inferiority is entirely of mind—wholly apart from station.

And as though the causes which inflamed his passions also warmed his virtues, when made demoniac by his rage, Hamlet then in love appears most heavenly. Execrating his mother's sin, who does not feel Hamlet implores her to repent, that purified she may be restored to his affections? The goodness in distraction still predominates; and when most unlike himself yet Hamlet bears the impress which nothing but annihilation can eradicate.

How beautiful, too, is the want of resentment for his wrongs! Conscientiousness of his great injuries lost in sorrow for his parent's suffering. What an engrossing love it speaks, and what an exalted nature! There springs his insanity which, had his character been less pure, had mounted into madness or settled in misanthropy. There originates that imperfect action which has been misterm'd delay. The recollection of his father's death is to his mind the acutest anguish. He never refers to the subject but with passion; yet, in all his attempts to plan his retribution, that is, the goal from which he starts, because the remembrance was imperative to reconcile a deed his heart recoiled from. The cause that justified revenge, must be present to his mind to fit him for its act. Then deeming it a duty, he wants no resolution to fulfil it, but he has dispelled the reason which would guide him to its fulfilment. His father's murder is the ground from which he argues, but his affection renders him unable to regard that horror as the premises of argument, in which position his nature places it. He grows instantly excited, and Hamlet is thus most unfitted to deliberate, whenever he attempts to reason on his future actions.

So by his affections Hamlet is made insane, and by the power of

those affections to seek new friendships, he is restrained in his insanity ; or, in other words, the effect is regulated by the cause.

Presuming we have explained the misconceptions, supposed to be mysteries, in which the character of *Hamlet* was involved, it will be our endeavour the ensuing month to remove an impression now very prevalent, that, as an acting play, this Tragedy is indebted to some influence apart from its dramatic excellence. Such an opinion appears to us a gross mistake, only to be accounted for by referring to the general ignorance, alike with the public as the players, that now exists as to the requirement of dramatic composition ; the perfection of which *Hamlet* seems, to our judgment, to illustrate ; and it will be our aim to prove to our readers, that the objections taken to its popularity are frivolous and unfounded ; and that its success as an acting play is wholly attributable to the consummate skill of its construction, entirely independent of adventitious influences ; that it is acted only because it is actable, and popular only because it contains within itself the elements of popularity.

Shakespeariana.

MR. EDITOR.—An apt parallel passage often contains a better explanation of an obsolete word than the most laborious illustration of a glossarist or commentator. If you agree with me in thinking so, you will, perhaps, insert the following extract from "*Hall's Chronicle*," p. 490, edit. 1809, in explanation of the word *MEACOCK*. Shakspeare, as you know, uses that word in "*The Taming of the Shrew*," Act II. Scene I, where Petruchio, describing his first interview with Katherine, exclaims—

" O ! you are novices : 'tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A *meacock* wretch can make the curstest shrew."

Hall, detailing the treasonable conspiracy of Friar Patrick and Raufe Wilford, in the 15th year of Henry VII., relates that the friar having instilled into the too willing ear of Wilford the foolish conceit that he could raise him to the throne of England, the ambitious boy vehemently urged him to explain the means by which this great result could be accomplished ;—

" Saiyng, what *mecoche* or *dastard* is so sore afearde of transgressing the law or tymerous of punishment, the which for to obtaine a kingdom will not attempt to do and suffre all things that be possible to be assayed and *tasted* ?" *

" *Tasted*," I may add, is here used in the sense of suffered, in which sense the same word in another form is found in the authorised translation of the Bible, Heb. ii. 9, where we read that our blessed Saviour was made a little lower than the angels, " that he should *taste* death for every man ;" and in "*Henry V.*," Act II. Scene 2—

* Is it not a misprint for tested ?—Ed.

"Get you, therefore, hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death.
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy give you
Patience to endure."

If you encourage persons to send you contributions of this kind, we shall soon see a better Shakspeare glossary than any we possess.

Yours, &c.,

J. B.

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."

KING HENRY IV. Act V. *Scene 1.*

The address of *Yelverton*, Attorney-General on the occasion of Sir Walter Raleigh's being brought up by *habeas corpus* on 26th Oct. 1618, to have execution of the judgment on the conviction for treason, in 1603, awarded against him by the Court of King's Bench, seems to be a parallel of, if not borrowed from, this idea of Shakspeare:—"Sir Walter hath been a statesman, and a man who, in regard of his parts and quality, is to be pitied. He hath been as a star at which the world hath gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere wherein they abide."

However, the allusion to a falling star is not unfrequently to be met with in the poetry of Shakspeare's time. Donne says, "Go and catch a falling star." And in Suckling's poems a similar thought is expressed.

In the Pipe Roll of the 4th Edward III., "Willms de Lucy, nuper custos pacis Regis in com' Warwick reddit compotum de iiij. li. de fine pro transgressionibus," &c. By this it appears that the family of Lucy have for time immemorial afforded justices of the peace for the county of Warwick. In the present instance, the record proceeds to state that the Willm. Lucy, who accounts to the Exchequer for the fine he had received for trespasses committed, paid 40s. by two tallies, and remained a debtor to the Exchequer of 6l. From the circumstance of his accounting for a fine received by him, it appears that he was like his descendant and successor in the magisterial office, *custos rotulorum*, or (as *Shallow* expresses it) *custalorum*. T. E. T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THIS magnificent theatre opened on the 1st October. Having noticed the production of "As You Like It," in the body of our work, it is not necessary to do more than allude to it here.

"King John," illustrated in the same ample and correct manner, was produced on the 26th instant; but, as we intend to give the attention due to such elaborate and costly illustrations of the great national poet in a series of articles, where something like justice can be done to them, we shall do no more at present than refer to it, and recommend every scholar to go and see this magnificent portrayal of the manners, implements, and costume, of the middle ages, exemplified in a very pictorial manner.

The off-nights, as they are termed, have been filled up with what are called the old stock pieces. And as they do not draw an audience, and cannot add in any way to the character of the management, we are at a loss to know why they are played.

It appears to be a mere superstition that clings to theatrical people concerning them. And they do not perceive that with the departure of the manners they represented, and the sentiments they echoed, they too have gone. A tailor might as well endeavour to revive the cocked hats and salt box waistcoats of our ancestors. They are not more obsolete than the manners and sentiments of these comedies, as they are called. They undoubtedly reflected the public feeling of their day, and so far were dramatic; but the public of this day will not be satisfied with the echoes of a language they do not comprehend, nor, consequently, cannot care for. A few white-headed gentlemen may eulogise them with that garrulity that belongs to the memory of youthful pleasure; but the men of this day know nothing about them; and that that is the case, cannot be more sufficiently proved than by our being asked by a literary gentleman and an influential critic, "Who wrote the 'Road to Ruin?'"

The present day demands its drama, and will have it somewhere, as well as any other—and no matter whether in two acts, three, five, or ten; and the man who produces it will be sure, to use a commercial phrase, to manufacture an article that will be in universal demand. Those who do not, will find their stock remain heavy on their hands, and will be ultimately ruined by it.

The new afterpiece, by Mr. Planché, "The Follies of a Night," is much nearer the wants of the play-goers, and has, consequently, been very successful. It is well constructed, and is agreeable and entertaining. The invention, gaiety, and cleverness required for the production of such a piece, are not common qualifications, though they are not to be confounded with those higher attributes that lift the great Dramatist to the loftest state the intellect can acquire.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

We are very glad to be able to give a very sincere and cordial approbation to a piece by Mr. Mark Lemon, "Grandfather Whitehead." It is founded on a French Drama, in which Bouffé personated the principal character. Mr. Mark Lemon, however, by his own peculiar talent, has made it essentially English, and his own. It consists in the delicate and interesting development of the affection of an old man for a child, his grandson. The fondness tinged with folly, the intellect obliterated, but the heart in full action, are manifested in a series of circumstances that show strongly the author's knowledge of character, and the strength of his invention. Mr. Farren's delineation of the character was full of pathos and humour, and manifested his fine knowledge of the peculiarities and characteristics of age. The youth was pleasingly and admirably performed by Master Webster.

Mr. Buckstone has returned, and has been performing in his own pieces, which, though not very high productions, bespeak a true dramatic feeling, and roughly reflect the genuine humours of the day.

COVENT GARDEN.

Since the publication of our last number, an English version of Rossini's Opera of "*Semiramide*" has been produced at Covent Garden Theatre. The characters being cast as follows:—Miss Adelaide Kemble, as *Semiramide*; Mrs. Alfred Shaw, as *Arsace*; Giubilei, as *Assur*; Leffler, as *Oroe*. Miss Kemble's powers and qualifications are well known; and the greatest interest was derived from the first appearance of Mrs. Alfred Shaw on the English Stage: a lady who has long been a Concert Singer of the first eminence, and has likewise gained a Continental celebrity. Her voice is a *contra alto* of considerable compass and great flexibility; and her mode of passing from one note to another smooth, and her execution very perfect. Her enunciation is likewise excellent. In the celebrated duet, *Giorno d'orrore*, her voice blended most beautifully with Miss Kemble's, and the passages were sung with the greatest effect and feeling. In one instance, (we think it was in this duet,) Mrs. Shaw gave a fifth, where a third was written, with great felicity.

It is impossible not to revert to the things that were, and our recollections of Pasta operate as a severe test in judging of Miss Kemble. Her voice is not full and round enough to give perfect effect to the music of this Opera—nor should we say that she feels herself so much at home in it as in "*Norma*:" but still it must be considered as a high and tasteful performance; and her acting was very fine. In the duet between *Assur* and *Semiramide*, Giubilei was opposed to *Galli* in our recollection. His voice is deep and powerful, but his execution abrupt and unshaded—he does not attend sufficiently to the *diminuendos*. The old trick of travelling down the scale to the lowest note of his organ is what the best of the audience do not care for, but if done very occasionally, to show the compass of the singer, may be excused; but there the matter should end. Leffler's voice told well in the concerted pieces.

The scenery and decorations are most splendid.

Great pains have evidently been taken to subdue the orchestra, but unqualified praise cannot be given. The remarkable passage in the Overture, of the alternation of two notes, was anything but cleanly done by the violins. Their mode of syncopating is likewise coarse in the extreme; the division of the syncopated note should hardly be heard, whereas they cut the note in two and bray out the second part of it.

That part of the Overture in which the clarionet takes the lead, and other wind instruments follow, was done with precision; but the clarionets were not good in tone.

As a whole, however, it is a praiseworthy effort, and, as contrasted with the English Operatic entertainments a few years since, proves the advance of taste on the part of the public, and of the increased proficiency of the musical profession.

On the off-nights here, too, the same extraordinary policy has been pursued as at the other theatres, and Mr. Vandenhoff has been performing "stock pieces" in a mediocre manner to a miserable account of empty boxes. The manager at last has announced, and very properly determines to play that which is demanded, namely, Opera, four times a week; and if he did so six, he would be so much the wiser.

Critical Register of Books.

Classical, &c.

Attica and Athens; An Inquiry into the Civil, Moral and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants; the Rise and Decline of the Athenian Power; and the Topography and Chorography of Ancient Attica and Athens. With a Map and Plan. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, and others, by John Ingram Lockhart, F.R.A.S. pp. 194. Groombridge.

This is a very judicious selection from the writings of five eminent German scholars. More than half the book (114 pp.) is occupied by Müller's masterly essay on the topography, natural features, political divisions, and public buildings of Athens and Attica. With this profoundly learned, but most unpedantic and unobtrusive guide at his elbow, the Greek scholar, sitting by his English fire-side, may feel that he treads in soul, with a firm step and an untroubled eye, that glorious land that has hitherto, perhaps, worn for him the aspect of a lovely but bewildering dream. Grotefend contributes a short essay, the condensed result of much research and thought, on what may be called the natural history of the Athenian people, their origin and descent, and the accidents that determined the peculiar bent of their moral character, their mythology, their social and political institutions, and so forth. A chronological epitome, by Canngiesser, carries the political history of Athens down to the year 1690. Its political and civil economy, in ancient times, are admirably investigated by Gruber: and, lastly, a few pages by Von Hammer describe the state of Athens and Attica about the year 1820.

Educational, &c.

The Harmony of the Latin and Greek Languages. By the Rev. Thomas Hill, A.M. 12mo. pp. 55. Edwards.

This is a parallel syntax of the two languages, in which the rules are expressed on the whole with much neatness and perspicuity, and illustrated by pertinent examples. The author has wisely abstained from any-

thing like metaphysical disquisition; contenting himself with the simplest exposition of those phenomena in the construction of the two languages, with which it is the student's first concern to become acquainted as mere facts. It would give us much pleasure to find this little work become the text-book for Latin and Greek syntax in our schools. As it may be used for either of these separately, it may at once be put into the hands of the junior classes; whilst it must manifestly greatly lighten the labour of those who, having made some little progress in Latin, are beginning the study of Greek. O! that there had been such a book in existence some—no matter how many—years ago, in our school-boy days! We should have thought, full surely, the millennium was at hand, had any one laid before us a book that without compression might fit into the compass of a common sheet almanack, and yet containing, with tabular clearness and pointedness, the whole of the *positive* syntax of Greek and Latin. But we are no longer light-hearted school-boys; stern critics are we, whose vocation it is *nodum in scirpo quærere*: we must, therefore, say that there are one or two slight blemishes in the book, which Mr. Hill will no doubt himself discover and correct in a future edition. One such occurs, for instance, at page 16, where he speaks of *opus* exceptionally governing the dative case, his example being, "*Dux nobis et auctor, opus est.*"—Cic. Now the use of *nobis* in this phrase is *not* exceptional: *opus* is *generally* accompanied with a dative of the person and an ablative of the thing: the exceptional peculiarity consists in the thing needed being expressed in the nominative.

Fiction, &c.

Richard Savage; a Romance of Real Life. By Charles Whitehead, Author of "*The Solitary.*" 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 1008.

This work of fiction fully bears out its own description; it is indeed "*A Romance of Real Life.*" The charac-

ters, events, and incidents, are all real as they can possibly be, and still have the interest of romance attached to them. This proves the genius of the Author, and arises from his power to invest the individual with a universal interest. Mr. Whitehead, however, has given us a painful view of human nature; and his masterly dissection of the moral nature does not leave nearly so elevating a feeling as the dissection of the physical. When the nervous unpleasantness of the latter is conquered, a sublime wonder follows in the developement of the intricate construction of our mortal frames, and the beauty of the adaptation of the means to the end. But in the dissection of the moral nature, a hideous mass of meanness and depravity is revealed.

The characters in this novel, or rather this history of a certain set of human beings with fictitious names and circumstances, are vividly portrayed; occasionally, perhaps, betraying the labour with which they have been carved out by the author; but still strong, muscular, and palpable, leaving the impression on the reader of actual acquaintanceship. The description of inanimate objects is equally forcible, and every thing and circumstance is set before the reader in the strongest relief. There is no straining after effect—no melo-dramatic excitation of suspense—no exaggerated and wire-drawn development of events. Mr. Whitehead has relied on the power of nature and reality, and on his extraordinary skill to depict it.

For these reasons, the work must become a standard one. It may not at first captivate those who read only to be startled with a monstrosity, or tickled with a conceit: but it will gradually win its way. All who look for genius to introduce man to nature—who desire in their reading to find knowledge, and that of the profoundest and most useful kind, that of the human heart, conveyed to them, will approve of the *Romance of Richard Savage*. It will pass from hand to hand and from mind to mind, as a very masterly delineation of the human creature and character. It is

an addition to that knowledge of our infinitely versatile nature, which has already been so ably revealed to us by the greatest writers, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, and Fielding.

We are not penning, nor have we any motive to pen, an eulogy on Mr. Whitehead: to do so would be an insult to him or any other man of true intellectual power; but we speak that which is true, and can be demonstrated. Mr. Whitehead has his faults; but they are chiefly faults of manner. He has also his unpleasantnesses, which may be faults of nature. He seems to look sternly on our race. He is indeed truly dramatic; for his own sensations are never apparent. He is totally independent of his characters, and he relates their vicissitudes and reveals their fortunes, as if he cared not for them: as if all that this world could afford, either of good or evil fortune, was but dust in the balance. This casts a sombre hue over his pages, and leaves the reader in a very reflective, if not mournful, state of mind.

Not that the Author is deficient in powers of humour, but he is cynical in his application of them, and draws human frailty with an unflinching and uncompromising truth and severity. The great merit of his writing consists in the masterly manner in which he individualizes his characters. And this bespeaks the highest powers of invention and delineation. In doing this, most authors give us only characteristics, but Mr. Whitehead, at the same time, as all true geniuses do, gives the human being. His powers of observation must be acute and active, and his penetration into character extraordinary. The characters of Ludlow, Burrige, Myte, and many others, are essentially what are termed eccentrics; but they are such eccentrics as one immediately acknowledges—as much as if one saw them in their actual vitality. In this closeness of delineation of character of various form and kind, we will venture to say, to the immense peril of our critical reputation, that Mr. Whitehead exceeds Dickens, or any living English writer, and approaches the very few great ones, such as Cervan-

tes, Shakspeare and Fielding; in whose high and severe schools we are sure Mr. Whitehead has studied, not for matter, but for mode. It is not meant to assert that there are not other qualities also required in a writer of fiction, in which Mr. Whitehead may be excelled. As a record of human character, skilfully and powerfully delineated, however, Mr. Whitehead may rest assured that he has done something more than add another story to the Circulating Libraries: he has turned over an additional page of the history delineating human nature. The scholarship displayed in the fidelity of the history of the hero and his numerous associates, is so inferior an attainment compared to those we have been dissertating upon, that it almost escaped us to say it is equal to his other powers. We, for our own part, could have wished he had named his chief personage Richard Dundas, or Richard Jackson, or any thing else; as the loading the memory of a well-known person with fictitious events, confounds the just limits of biography and fiction, and has the evil effect of suggesting to the mind those points of character as facts, which, after all, can only be taken as the author's view of human nature,—in this instance, very safely: but in studying mankind we should be careful to distinguish between the actual revelations of the phenomena of human nature, and even the highest author's exposition of them.

Mr. Leech's designs are well worthy to accompany the text; and this is saying everything for them.

The Rioters: a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. Second Edition. 18mo. pp. 104. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a very timely re-publication; and those friends of order and good conduct, who have still a sympathy with the unhappy and misguided sufferers who think destruction can better their lot, would do a real service by largely distributing it. Miss Martineau's powers of telling a story, and her acquirements as a political economist, are too well known to require our eulogy. Her stern sense of principle, as recently manifested in her noble correspondence with the late

Government respecting a pension, must have convinced those not previously acquainted with her works, of her high and uncompromising character. The little work now alluded to fully develops these qualities of her mind and heart; and, coming from a warm friend to the people, the mode in which it points out their errors must be doubly valuable. The simplicity of the style, and the soundness and completeness of the arguments, should recommend it to every one interested in promoting right notions amongst the multitude.

Fine Arts.

Mainzer's Musical Times, and Singing Circular. A Fortnightly Journal, published on the 1st and 15th of every Month. Imperial 8vo. London, 340, Strand.

We cannot speak too well of the above periodical, whether as regards its object or its contents. Its great aim is to advocate popular musical education—a work in which its originator is spending all his energies, and they appear to be of no mean character. The paper consists of original articles by Mr. Mainzer and other musical writers of eminence; critical notices of musical books; biographies, and miscellaneous intelligence, &c.

We think it is certainly destined to take the lead of all the musical Journals. We should have been gratified in giving some extracts from the very interesting matter of the last two or three numbers, did our space permit. But we must be content to recommend our readers to peruse it for themselves. To the Profession, as well as to Amateurs, the "Musical Times" will be found to be of great interest and utility. The work contains sixteen pages of closely printed matter. We sincerely hope the spirited Projector will receive that extended public support which his undertaking so well deserves.

Medical, &c.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of procuring Sound and Refreshing Slumber at Will. By Edward Binns, M.D., &c. Royal 12mo. pp. 394. London: John Churchill.

The above, the author avers, is the

first attempt to elucidate the laws for procuring sleep at will, by directing the activity of the cerebral organs.

Many of our contemporaries have noticed this work in very eugolistic language; but it seems to us that they have all omitted that which distinguishes it from all others, namely, the fact of a physician purchasing a remedy, or supposed remedy, for sleeplessness, and presenting the recipe to the public. This is what Dr. Binns has done; and whether his plan be efficacious or not, for this act he deserves the thanks of the public. The Doctor defines sleep to be "the art of escaping reflection;" and thinks he can prove that sleep is an active, and not a passive, condition of the body. He places this faculty in the ganglionic system; and, in his preface, quotes Leibeg, Stevens, and Muller, in support of his doctrine.

Whether correct or not we will not attempt to assert or deny; but it has one recommendation which will go far with many readers, namely, it is novel. In the sixteen chapters into which the work is divided, we have, among many questions treated of, all in a popular form, a very remarkable one on dreams.

The author adopts Dr. Abercrombie's division of dreaming; but it is plain that there are many dreams which cannot be included in these four classes, and that there is still a book to be written on the subject which shall give a more general explanation of the phenomena. Indeed, Dr. Binns appears to be of this opinion, for he does not seem satisfied with what he has written on the subject, as he hints that it is his intention to pursue the subject in a separate volume. We should say there was a wide field yet unexplored, which would repay the labour of exploration. But the subject is one which requires very delicate handling.

The chapter on asphyxia, and death from strangulation, contains some very extraordinary cases of resuscitation after execution by hanging, especially of a butcher by the name of Gordon, who was hanged at the Old Bailey, of Dr. Dodd, and Fauntleroy, who, it appears by an affidavit made before the Court of Chancery last year,

is alive now in America! On this fact we shall offer no opinion, but state that Dr. Binns informs his readers that he learned from an American gentleman, that it was generally believed in the States that he was alive. We have no space to devote to a critical analysis of the mode of procuring sleep at will, but may add, that it is based on the single sensation of Cullen; and consequently, for this, and much amusing reading, we must refer to the work itself.

Retrospect of the Progress of Medicine and Surgery for the Year 1841-2.

By Mr. E. O. Spooner and Mr. W. Smart. Read June 30th, 1842, before the Annual Meeting of the Southern Branch of the Provincial Medical Association, and published at its request. 8vo. sewed, pp. 87. Blandford: Shipp.

Though originating no new views, this offspring of the provincial medical press may not be undeserving of the attention of the profession at large, as a refresher to the memory, and a summary of the salient points in the medical and surgical history of the last year. On the whole, the authors evince good sense and discernment in the selection of their topics and their mode of handling them; but, for our own part, we should like their paper better without the pieces of monstrously fine writing, tagged on here and there to its general work-day texture. Some little extra flourishing, we suppose, must be allowed for in consideration of the pomp and circumstance of the occasion. There is a Pickwickianism in these proud gatherings that soars above the level language of ordinary life. Still it is rather too strong for our taste to find our worthy reporters "lamenting, with the poet, the concealment of 'many a gem in ocean's depths serene.'"

Lectures on Electricity, delivered at the Royal Victoria Gallery, Manchester, During the Session of 1841-2. 8vo. By William Sturgeon.

Frictional electricity constitutes the subject of the present volume, which is to be followed by another on Galvanism, &c. It appears to be a verbatim transcript of a full popular

course of lectures by the author, who has been long and advantageously known as an electrician. It may be a question whether he would not have done better, in preparing his lectures for the press, to modify their form in some respects. The arrangement suitable to the lecture-room may not be the best adapted for private reading. More serious students will prefer the order observed in Professor Daniell's *Introduction to Chemical Philosophy*. On the other hand, Mr. Sturgeon's plan has something in it of a dramatic interest, that will, probably, recommend it to a large class of readers, who would shrink from the severity of thought required by such works as Daniell's. The book before us abounds with interesting facts, and may be recommended to those who approach the subject without much previous scientific discipline.

A Treatise on Protracted Indigestion and its Consequences; being the Application to the Practical Department of Medicine of the Results of an Inquiry into the Laws of the Vital Functions; addressed by the Author, on his Retirement from the Medical Profession, both to the Members of that Profession, and the well educated Public, particularly Parents. By A. P. W. Philip, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 367. Longman and Co.

This is the eighth edition of the work. Were it purely technical, there would be no need that we should do more than announce the fact of its publication; but as it has been considerably modified, with a view to rendering it accessible to general readers, it may not be superfluous to drop a word or two by way of introducing Dr. Wilson Philip and his work to the latter. Be it known, then, that the Doctor has been nearly forty years an ornament to the profession from which he retires, and that during the greatest part of that time he has been, if not singly the foremost, at least conspicuous among the few foremost, original investigators of physiology in this country. The present work is intended for an exposition of the most important practical applications of the principles elaborated by the patient labour of a long life. To the public its more immediate utility will consist in its warning and arming

them against the insidious approaches of that Protean disorder, indigestion; that yearly slayer of thousands. Dr. Wilson Philip's inquiry into the nature of the vital functions was undertaken for the express purpose of remedying what early struck his acute mind as existing defects in the practical department of British Medicine. That inquiry was not, in the author's opinion, completed till the year 1836; its results, therefore, have not yet been fully adopted by his professional contemporaries; indeed, it was not till within the last few years that their practical importance became clearly known to himself. There seems, therefore, no escaping the alternative put by the Doctor: those persons to whose cases his principles are applicable, must either read his book, that so they may be able to compel the attention of their medical advisers to its principles, or they must wait till a new race of practitioners has come forth from the schools where these principles are now taught. Death, however, may in the meanwhile put his veto upon the latter resolution.

Descriptive Anatomy, By J. Cruveilhier, Professor of Anatomy to the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, &c. 2 vols 8vo. pp. 1217.—Library of Medicine. Whittaker and Co.

Cruveilhier's "Descriptive Anatomy" needs no encomium of ours to enhance its European reputation. The present translation has been executed, with the express sanction of the author, by Dr. W. H. Madden, and revised throughout by Professor Sharpey. It is accompanied by occasional notes, which are just what notes to such a book ought to be;—perfectly subservient to the text, brief, and embodying such subsidiary facts as ought to be known to the English student. The work is abundantly illustrated with small, but finely executed, woodcuts, the great utility of which will be readily appreciated. The form of the book (no trifling consideration with respect to one that is to be carried to and from the dissecting room) is the most convenient compatible with the voluminous nature of its contents. Each volume will fit snugly enough in one of the pockets of those hyperborean gar-

ments in which our students rejoice during the winter session.

Clinical Midwifery; with the Histories of Four Hundred Cases of Difficult Labour. By Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 224. Churchill.

A succinct account of the cases of difficult parturition which came under the author's notice during a period of fifteen years, arranged under a few general heads, and accompanied with pertinent remarks. We think the work well calculated to effect the author's purpose of remedying in some degree that want of experience and clinical instruction, which is too often painfully experienced by the young practitioner in midwifery in this country. English medical literature is by no means rich in works of this kind; and we would most strenuously dissuade the student from having recourse to foreign helps in this department. Much as we esteem the labours of our Continental brethren in other departments of medicine, we deprecate the admission of their obstetrical books into the hands of Englishmen, who are not well grounded in the principles and practice of British Midwifery.

Natural History, &c.

A History of British Forest Trees, indigenous and introduced. By Prideaux John Selby, F.L.S., M.W.S. &c. Illustrated by nearly 200 engravings. 8vo. pp. 540. Van Voorst.

A beautiful book, worthy of its beautiful subject. It notices thirty-one genera, some of which comprise several species and varieties. The author, who has been forty years a scientific planter, writes out of the fulness of his knowledge and his love of his noble nurslings. The best idea that in our limited space we can give of his general method, will be afforded by transcribing the headings of one of his chapters: take for instance the SYCAMORE or GREAT MAPLE—Synonymes and Specific characters—Picturesque character—Geographical distribution—Uses of the wood and sap—Soil—Insects which live upon it—Mode of propagation—Varieties—Statistics. It is hardly conceivable that the exquisite

art of wood-engraving can be carried to a higher pitch of perfection than is attained in many of the wood cuts with which this book is profusely adorned.

The Botanical Text Book for Colleges, Schools and Private Students. With numerous engravings on wood. By Asa Gray, M.D. Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University, &c. Post 8vo. pp. 413. Wiley and Putnam: New York.

A work both intrinsically and externally creditable to the American press. It contains an able digest of the principles of vegetable physiology to the full extent of their development up to the present day. It adopts, for instance, with due acknowledgment, some of the principles recently so ably advocated by our countryman, Professor Johnston, of Durham. The systematic part is entirely after our own heart; for why? it devotes but six pages to the bugbear system of Linnæus, and upwards of two hundred to the natural system, spaces which pretty fairly represent the ratio of the pleasures and advantages they respectively offer to the botanical student.

Poetry, &c.

The Sepulchre of Lazarus; Recollections of Scotland, and other Poems. By Sarah H. Moulton. Post 8vo. pp. 136. London: Saunders and Otley.

The most ambitious poem in this collection is the "Sepulchre of Lazarus," which is divided into two parts. The other pieces are of a miscellaneous character, and some of them are in prose. To produce smooth and even-flowing versification is no rare talent in the present day, and is the chief resource of those, who, as in the present instance, have met with such reverses of fortune as to induce a melancholy temperament. In such productions pleasing thoughts are often found, and a gentle expression that is tranquillizing. Poetry, however, requires more than this, and it seems marvellous what is the intention of issuing such productions. When it is considered that there is every probability that Shakespeare never sanctioned the publication of

it is difficult to avoid affixing a very poor reason for the publication of so much careful mediocrity.

Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1843; or, a Literary Album and Annual Remembrancer. Fcap. 8vo. bound, pp. 384. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

The days for Annuals are nearly over, and the fashion has lasted a long time for a fashion. A few, however, still linger; and, curious enough, the original ones seem to have more vitality than the younger. Considering the price, the *Friendship's Offering* is as pretty a present as can be made. The embellishments are nine in number, and the subjects are all popular, more especially the frontispiece, which consists of a group of the Royal Family; and as it is stated by the editor to be the only engraving that gives them thus, it will be particularly interesting to the purchasers of this kind of volume. The other engravings are of various merit; and though perhaps if judged of as works of art may not be of the highest kind, yet, as embellishments of a pleasing miscellany, are very creditable and pretty.

The letter-press aims at nothing very lofty, but comprises some interesting tales and poetry, in which may be found stanzas worthy of the appellation.

Forget me Not; a Christmas, New Year's and Birth-day Present for 1843. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 354. London: Ackermann and Co.

This, the origin of all the Annuals, is still one, if not the best, of this decaying race. This year the embellishments average an equal value with foregoing ones, and the letter-press is no way inferior. The frontispiece, which has no painter's name, is a very beautiful female head. Jane Vavasor's Visit, by Franklin, and the Birthright, by Wright, are also very pleasing designs. The latter looks very much as if originally intended to illustrate Measure for Measure; and represents, very well, Isabella's interview with Angelo. This, however, may not be the case. The letter-press of the volume is varied, and comprises some contributions of con-

siderable interest. Laman Blanchard's story of the Birthright, and Mrs. Ward's Burial of Oliver Cromwell, may be particularized amongst many of merit.

Whistle Binkie. A Collection of Songs for the Social Circle, 32mo. in 4 parts, pp. 496. Supplement, forming part 5, pp. 124. Glasgow: Robertson.

This is a collection of Songs written and sung by a convivial society at Glasgow. It was first edited by Mr. Carrich, a man of considerable literary acquirements, and self-taught. And lastly by Mr. Rodger, a gentleman exceedingly popular in his own locality. Being chiefly in the Scottish dialect, it may not be right for a Southern to sit in judgment; but seeing that every one can feel and understand Burns, there can be little force in that argument. They are fluent, and have the air and tone of the really fine lyrics with which Scotland abounds: but they are not the production of poets and men of genius, although there is occasionally some smartness and cleverness. Generally, however, they are extremely common-place, and seem like a manufactured article made to particular patterns, and all bearing the same mechanical cut. They are not to be found fault with exactly; and some persons may ask wherein they differ from the genuine: to such we can only say, one wine of the same species is totally different to another, and yet it "would puzzle a conjuror" to put down in words wherein consisted the difference.—It is possible, however, that to Scotch people they may have charms of allusion that those "who are not to the manner born," cannot understand:—in these cases the reader "should minister to himself."

Politics and Statistics, &c.

Fourier and his System. By Madame Gatti de Gamond. Translated from the Fourth French Edition. By T. C. Wood, Jun. Esq. with a short Biographical Sketch, extracted from "The London Phalanx." 8vo. sewed, pp. 104. London: for the Author.

To criticize the present work would be to enter upon a discussion that would involve all the great question

of legislation and morality. It, therefore, here can be only considered as a succinct statement of Fourier's Theory, and as such it may be justly said to be well and clearly written. Free from mysticism, and, as a narrative, remarkably full and distinct, it is exceedingly interesting, and without attempting to decide on the truth or falsehood, or rather practicability or impracticability of the system itself, it may be said to be a very important work. That some new principle must be applied to regulate human society, seems to be acknowledged by all but the most bigoted or ignorant; and it behoves every one who is interested in this the greatest of all worldly questions, to make themselves acquainted with all theories that have benevolence and reason for their foundation. The translation is faithful, and Mr. Wood has done a considerable service by giving it to the English public, and the more for the lowness of the price.

Religious Subjects, &c.

The Ecclesiastical History of M. l'Abbé Fleury, from the second Ecumenical Council to the end of the Fourth Century. Translated with Notes, and an Essay on the Miracles of the period. 8vo. pp. 400. Parker: Oxford. Rivingtons: London.

This is a new translation of the 18th, 19th and 20th books of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, edited by the Rev. J. H. Newman of "Tract" celebrity. The motives alleged for presenting it to English readers appear reasonable enough. Mosheim's elaborate work is sapless and a dust; it is the carcase of a history; there is no soul in it. Other writers on the subject have various merits, but likewise each his special defects. The Abbé Fleury's history is not faultless, but it has some peculiar excellences, and may be valuable as a supplement; and, in fact, as a corrective to the works of Mosheim, Milner, Gibbon, Neander, Milman and Dollinger. His narrative is clear and minute, and his Roman Catholic views are not obtrusively put forward: besides they were tempered in no small degree by the fact of his being of the Gallican church, the natural position of which with regard to Rome, was that of opposition.

It is not unlikely that to many readers the most interesting part of the volume will be the preliminary essay by the editor (occupying upwards of 200 pp.) on the general and special credibility of the miracles alleged to have occurred since the apostolic times. The writer treats the subject with great ingenuity, and with much ease and grace of style. The Tractarian controversy is evidently not destined to die away into a whisper. We foresee a very pretty burst of polemics about to arise out of the essay. It is a smooth and courteous cartel, that will rouse the blood, and cause a rattling and furbishing up of old theological armour, in many a quiet parsonage of England.

The Practical Works of the Rev. Job Orton, now first collected, consisting of Discourses, Sacramental Meditations, and Letters, with copious Indexes, to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1272. London: Tegg, 1842.

This is one of the most important of Mr. Tegg's many re-publications. The name of Job Orton stands high in nonconformist divinity; not, indeed, for genius or eloquence, but for piety, good sense, and practical information. On the whole, he closely resembled Doddridge in his leading characteristics, and an interesting parallel might easily be drawn between these illustrious worthies. In fact, Orton may be considered as Doddridge's special disciple, and to him we are indebted for the publication of the three last volumes of Doddridge's Family Expositor of the New Testament, and for an Original Exposition of the Old Testament on the same plan, saving that the chronological harmony is neglected by Orton. This defect might now be easily remedied by the republication of Orton's admirable paraphrase of the Old Testament, arranged on the system of Townsend's arrangement, with occasional corrections of the text. A desideratum which we hope Mr. Tegg will speedily supply, as Orton's Old Testament would then become as popular as Doddridge's New Testament. The two thick octavo volumes, now published, consist almost en-

tirely of sound illustrative discourses on various texts of Scripture, and letters to eminent dissenting ministers and students.

Sermons preached at Ordinations. By the Rev. Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester. 8vo. pp. 216. Hatchard.

Mr. Raikes is a learned and estimable author, as this book evinces. It contains eleven sermons of great soundness and utility, and well adapted to benefit the rising clergy of our time. The titles of these sermons are as follows:—1. The ministry not to be despised. 2. The ministry an embassy from God. 3. The knowledge needed in the ministry. 4. The motive needed in the ministry. 5. The holiness needed in the ministry. 6. The tenderness needed in the ministry. 7. The meekness needed in the ministry. 8. The work of the ministry. 9. The conduct needed in of the ministry. 10. The earnestness needed in the ministry. 11. Prayer the resource of the Church.

Damascus; or Conversion in relation to the Grace of God and the Agency of Man: an Essay. By D. E. Ford. 12mo. pp. 124. Simpkin.

This is a short evangelical essay on the doctrine of conversion. It appears to have no particular merit or defect beyond those common to such publications. It is a pleasing sign, however, well worthy the notice of a literary critic, that such pious, edifying little works continue to be published in such abundance.

The Works of William Jay; collected and revised by Himself. Vol. 4, containing Morning and Evening Exercises. 8vo. pp. 684. London: Bartlett.

The Rev. W. Jay was so highly esteemed in the religious world as a minister and an author, that he needs no praise from us. He was one of the burning and shining lights of the Church for a long series of years,—as Sydney Smith would praise one of the chief religious lions of his time. The present publication of his works is remarkably neat and inexpensive.

The Biblical Cabinet; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical and Philological Library. Vol. 40; 12mo. pp. 440; containing Calvin and Store on the Epistles of Paul to the Philippians and Colossians. Edinburgh: Clark. London: Hamilton.

The Biblical Cabinet, which has now reached the fortieth volume, is a noble national work, and one of the most creditable monuments of the learning of our times. It has been the means of bringing under the notice of the British, in cheap and popular volumes, the ablest theological literature which the Continent has produced. The present volume will do no dishonour to its predecessors.

Scientific.

English Patents; being a Register of all those granted for Inventions in the Arts, Manufactures, Chemistry, Agriculture, &c., in the Year 1841; with a copious Index; to which is appended an Account of "The Registration of Designs New Act," for Articles of Manufacture. By Andrew Pritchard, M.R.I. &c. 12mo. pp. 92. London: Whittaker and Co.

This indefatigable author, some time since, published "A List of all the Patents granted during the present Century," and the present work is intended to be continued annually to keep it up. Of the value of this kind of list to inventors, it is impossible to speak too highly. The accurate statement of the nature of the invention is a point requiring the utmost care, and to it Mr. Pritchard has most particularly and successfully given his attention. It would seem that the amazing number of 441 patents have been granted in one year; a fact, rendering an indisputable proof of the necessity for such a work as that now issued.

It contains also a very copious index and some appendixes, giving the forms of letters patent, and an abstract of the Act passed last August, "To secure to Proprietors of Designs on Articles of Manufacture the sole Right of making and selling the same."

Owing to an unusual press of matter we are compelled to postpone several Critical Notices.

